

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXI. No. 2360

London
September 18, 1946



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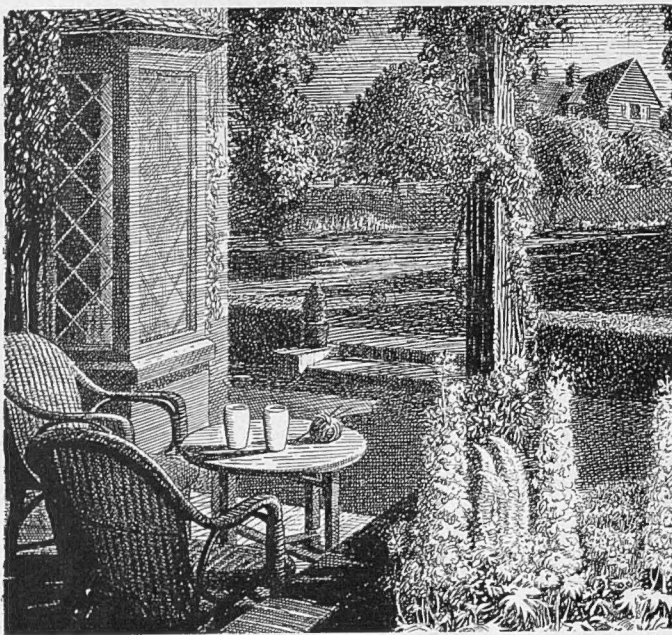


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All day long you have been busy. But now it is evening. Now you can breathe the friendly air of your own garden, and relax. The sun is going down. The shadows are lengthening on the lawn. The lupins, catching the light, are tipped with gold. How precious such moments are! If only time would stand still... But alas! tomorrow will come and you must gather to yourself new strength to meet it. Many of us, at such times, like to nourish and soothe the tired system with a friendly glass of Horlicks. How comforting it is! How it wraps you round with contentment! And so to bed, to sleep the unbroken sleep that does you so much good.

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THE TATLER

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Swaebe

Lady Tichborne and Her Two Daughters

Lady Tichborne is the wife of Sir Anthony Tichborne, the fourteenth Baronet, and they live at Tichborne Hall, Alresford, Hants. During the war Sir Anthony served in an Armoured Division with the 4th County of London Yeomanry. The elder of their two daughters, Anne, is aged eight, and Miranda is five. Before her marriage to Sir Anthony in 1936, Lady Tichborne was one of the daughters of Sir Harold Snagge



PORTRAITS IN PRINT

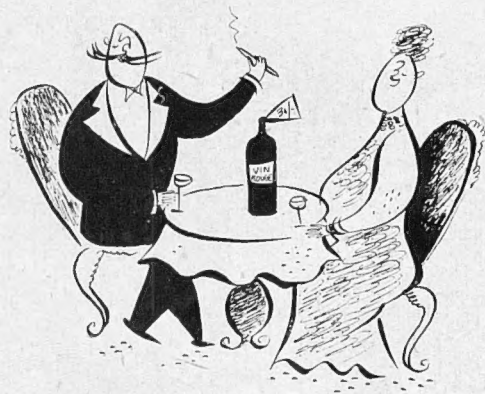


SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

I WAS slightly amused and vastly touched by the despair of a friend of mine, normally a sincere, self-sacrificing Socialist, on his return from a holiday in Paris recently. With tears lingering in the back of his voice, he deplored the doddiness of London, the bad manners, dilapidated buildings, filthy monotonous food, and above all the lack of wine.

Not even seven years of war and sordid peace, I must say, will entirely reconcile me to the drinking habits of the wineless Anglo-Saxon. Why should they? Our ancestors always had wine in plenty. The Romans made wine here, I believe, from grapes grown in vineyards centring upon St. Albans; and Bordeaux becoming an English town during the Hundred Years War turned the English into not only the most distinguished drinkers of claret, but also the principal purveyors of it.

To this day you can tell by their wine-drinking tastes those parts of Belgium that were linked with the English wool trade. Brussels, Charleroi and the south-east of the country drink burgundy, brought to them quietly by canals which the Dukes of Burgundy built to link their Burgundian vineyards with their demesnes in the Low Countries. But Ghent, Bruges and Antwerp are claret-drinkers. Yet how superficial was the wine-drinking habit always, how much a matter for the privileged classes in England, may be



seen in America. Outside the rich and travelled world (who often possess cellars of brilliant quality) it is a matter of the glass of milk, the "demi-tasse" or hard liquor with meals. I well remember the surprise and delight with which I once came upon an advertisement put out by some association of American wine growers, showing a three-colour-process semblance of the Union's most talented actress. "Tirée à quatre épingles," she smiled upon a bottle twice as red as her lips and declared in graceful huge letters: "More and more of my guests ask for wine!"

Wine for the Masses

TWO English statesmen, of dispositions wildly dissimilar, but each in his way dear to me for his love of France, Bolingbroke and Cobden,

endeavoured at different times to negotiate commercial treaties with our neighbour which would have made modest little French wines—the sort of red ink which smart London restaurants these days offer us at 30s. the carafe—available to the British working man at prices competitive with those of beer. Poor Bolingbroke's treaty was swept away with the hopes of the Old Pretender. Perhaps it was only fitting that with a German king at St. James's, the London mob should have been confirmed in its beer—or at worst in its gin-drinking (which incidentally, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, was to become a national menace). A century and a half later Cobden endeavoured to bring cheap wines into England. He and Gladstone were accused of being in the pay of prominent wine merchants; and though England might go Free Trade, cheap wines never really reached the British working man—perhaps because of the Excise Duty.

Some news has come in lately of the prospects of again being able to drink French wines as we please. (I hardly count this present cautious distribution by the Ministry of Food, of anonymous non-vintage liquids, which are only just better than nothing, and far from cheap.) The present price of a quite ordinary Bordeaux in its homeland is twelve times that of 1938, while the rate of exchange has only fallen from 176 to 480 for £1. If the difficulty of prices could be overcome, and exchange made readily available, there would be plenty of claret for us. The Germans seem to have been fobbed off for the most part with fifth-rate wines; while some of the war-time vintage years, notably 1942 and 1944, were very good. 1942 was a wonderful year for Chateau Yquem; 1944 Chateau Haut Brion is superb; the 1945 Chateau Ausone, Chateau Cheval Blanc, and Chateau Pichon Longueville Lalande are good honest wines, "with plenty of character" to use wine merchants' jargon.

The burgundies of the war years are not so good as the corresponding clarets. On the other hand, in Burgundy there exist vast quantities of excellent wines dating from the immediate years before the war, and still waiting for lack of bottles. Incidentally, the French wine trade is apparently hampered not only by lack of bottles, but also by lack of corks, due to strained relations with Franco's Spain. How infinite are the repercussions of international squabbles upon our comfort and pleasure!

The Basques

A BASQUE friend has lately been staying with us. During the Civil War, the chatter of the uninformed about Picasso's terrible great canvas, "Guernica," and all the hard-worked sentimentality of the Left over a race that is perhaps one of the most naturally conservative in Europe, made one sometimes wonder whether one could ever think about the Basques again.

An unworthy indulgence in bad temper,

intensified perhaps by the regret for the sun-filled languors of Andalusia has always assailed me when, driving northward, I have entered the stern rocky land of the Basques.

But let us not forget, they are one of the most fascinating and mysterious races in the world. Physically and in their institutions they possess not one especial characteristic; but the pattern in which they have arranged a number of characteristics which singly are to be found in other races, renders them a unique example of truculent and Conservative Liberalism.



Intensely Catholic, and great respecters of the law, they nevertheless allow neither priests nor lawyers the least say in their councils. (With the second of these two exclusions I am personally in complete sympathy. If the Lords Spiritual wish to sit in the Upper House, I welcome their lawn sleeves to remind us of the day when the King's principal ministers were always great clerics. But normally in the House of Commons, if not always, there sit far too many lawyers for my taste or, I believe, for the good of the nation.) They revere women theoretically more than do almost any other race. By Basque law an insult inflicted upon a woman is punished with special severity. Yet in the remote Basque villages the women often undertake labour as heavy as the men's.

The rallying-point of Basque national feeling has of course always been the Basque language. Unlike any of the major speeches of Europe, it has, I believe, some slight affinities with Georgian, and more remotely with Romansch, the fourth, the rarest, and the most indigenous of languages used in Switzerland; archaic Sicilian and archaic Maltese may also have been relatives of it.

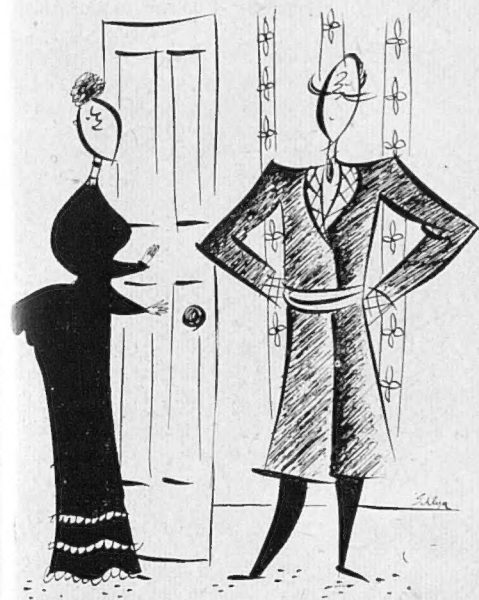
In any case, it is a language in a very early state of development. The word for "I don't know," "eztakit" for instance, alters slightly in form according to whether you are

addressing man, woman, swell, or child; just as in Russian the mood of the word for "to write" "igratiach" changes according as to whether you wish to say: "I am writing something at this particular moment," "I write to my old Mum once a fortnight," or "I write books for a living": or as in Hungarian you have to decline a noun anew when the possessive postposition "m" is added to the stem: or in Sanskrit, where as far as I can remember from an immense Sanskrit dictionary in my father's library, the root meaning "a pot" can be modified to mean "a pot with two handles," "a pot with a crack in it," and finally, after about two pages of close but enjoyable print, the final sublime variant, worthy of Harpo Marx himself, "anything but a pot."

Yet in Basque, until recently at any rate, there was no proper word for "thousand" and none for "God." The Lord preserve me from such over-rich and yet inarticulate languages. Nevertheless, the Basques themselves are a fascinating problem. What is their culture—I won't say their blood, for it has become intermingled with so many other surrounding strains? Are they the last remnants of the culture that inhabited the Mediterranean before the Greeks and Romans appeared? Or one of the lost races of Atlantis?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

It amuses me to observe the glutinous spate of articles and broadcasts devoted these days, because of the centenary of their marriage, to the rhymed exhibitionism of the Brownings' love affair. How many of the hack journalists



and radio script writers who under directions from on high churn out this nonsense, stop to think how bad or how good—a poetess was Elizabeth Barrett Browning? "Lady Geraldine" which did as much as anything to build up her immense reputation among her contemporaries, is surely one of the most class-ridden and comic bits of doggerel in our language. The rising tension of the poet's excitement when he finds an earl's daughter not only asking him to stay but even coming to his room is highly enjoyable, and as the Americans would say "socially significant." But best of all I like the lines:

I looked upward and beheld her with a calm and regnant spirit,
Slowly round she swept her eyelids and said clear before them all:
"Have you such superfluous honour, sir, that able to confer it
You will come down, mister Bertram, as my guest to Wycombe Hall."



H.E. Senor Don Domingo de las Barcenas, the Spanish Ambassador

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

IN a Jesuit school near Madrid four friends played together about fifty years ago, little thinking that 1946 would see them all heads of Embassies representing their Government. The four friends now lead Spain's diplomatic missions in London, Washington, Buenos Aires and Santiago.

Destiny's impersonal choice fell on Senor Don Domingo de las Barcenas, son of a banker whose father and grandfather had been bankers, for one of the pleasant posts left in diplomacy, in a palace in fashionable Belgrave Square, in Socialist-governed London. Yet the English link has caused no particular shock, for Senor de las Barcenas was brought up by a governess who left her native Worthing sixty years ago and died in Spain recently, an honoured confidante of his family.

After graduating in law and philosophy in Madrid in 1904, Senor de las Barcenas spent six months in Vienna, looking out of the Embassy on what he felt to be a dying Empire. He remained two years in London, witnessed during King Alfonso's first visit the beginning of his romance with Ena, later Queen Victoria of Spain. The young man tasted politics at home as member of the Conservative-Liberal Party, but decided, after two years as deputy, to return to diplomacy. Eighteen years in Paris followed, under the envoy he had served in London. In 1929 Senor de las Barcenas went home, as Under-Secretary of State. Suddenly, with the disappearance of the monarchy, his career ended. There succeeded years of travel in Germany, Egypt, Italy, Switzerland.

ON July 18, 1936, the day of the rising organized by General Francisco Franco Behamonde, Governor of the Canaries dismissed by the Republican Government of Azaña, Senor de las Barcenas found himself in Madrid. He decided to take refuge in the Norwegian Legation, and remained hidden for eleven months. One dark midnight a British officer called, asked "Do you want to get out?" Without papers, the fugitive was taken to Valencia. He remained two nights in the British Embassy. Again without papers of any kind he sailed, hidden in a British ship, for Marseilles. Shortly afterwards

Franco's Foreign Minister invited him to become Under-Secretary.

Mussolini's second-class playboy Foreign Minister, Ciano, hearing of the proposed appointment, protested, declared that a Spaniard rescued by the British was not fit to hold it. In the tragic summer of 1939 Ciano's envoy in Burgos made himself unequivocally clear. Ciano scored. The former fugitive was given the Legation in Berne. There he remained until December, 1942, when he was appointed to the Holy See.

In Rome, Ciano and the Spanish Envoy to the Pope met often, but references to the old scene were not among the subjects discussed. The Ambassador, however, returned the compliment of his 1937 rescue—by sheltering in the Spanish Embassy various people wanted by Ciano and the Fascist police. And last year he left for London.

CHESS-PLAYER, one-time bull-fighter, ski-er, golfer, the Ambassador smiles with a sad twinkle, reads English with sufficient ease to enjoy abstract books as well as four newspapers every morning. The books on the table in the magnificent study include a pro-Republican's study of Spain. ("It is well written and interesting," he says).

We stood glancing at the long, affectionate inscription in Latin below the Pope's serious photograph. Courteous, suave, the Ambassador reminded one of a grand seigneur of another age. He mentioned the tomatoes, oranges and lemons soon to be sent to England from the peninsula visited by Phoenician traders three thousand years ago. And finally he mentioned that he was soon to meet again His Britannic Majesty and would be escorted by "The Marshal," that inimitable writer of world history, Sir John Monck.

George Bilainkin.

Blighty
Some time ago.

Dear Mom,

Usually when I write a letter it is very much overdue, and I make every effort to get it away quickly. This letter, however, is different. It is a letter I hoped you'd never receive, as it is just a verification of that terse black-edged card, which you received some time ago, and which has caused you so much grief. It is because of this grief that I wrote this letter, and by the time you have finished reading it, I hope that it has done some good and that I have not written it in vain.

James Agat

Heroes of Arnhem

"They gave their bodies to the commonwealth and received, each for his own memory, praise that will never die, and with it the grandest of all sepulchres, not that in which their mortal bones are laid, but a home in the minds of men, where their glory remains fresh to stir to speech or action as the occasion comes by. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; and their story is not graven only on stone over their native earth, but lives on far away, without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives."

Pericles.

SOME little time ago the makers of Basildon Bond notepaper held a competition for the Best Letter Written by a Member of the Forces during the recent war. The judges were Miss Margery Anderson, Commander Campbell and the film critic of the *Tatler*. The writer of the winning entry was the twenty-two years old

Pte. I. Rowberry 4928327
2nd S. Staffs Regt. (Signal Section)
Att. 1st Airborne Division.

He was killed at Arnhem. This letter by a Wolverhampton working lad moves me more than some more celebrated literary efforts, and I am grateful to the boy's mother for her permission to reproduce it, "because it may help other parents." There was a covering envelope marked: "To the Best Mother in the World."

Blighty.
(Some time ago)

Dear Mom,

Usually when I write a letter it is very much overdue, and I make every effort to get it away quickly. This letter, however, is different. It is a letter I hoped you would never receive, as it is just a verification of that terse, black-edged card which you received some time ago, and which has caused you so much grief. It is because of this grief that I wrote this letter, and by the time you have finished reading it I hope that it has done some good, and that I have not written it in vain. It is very difficult to write now of future things in the past tense, so I am returning to the present.

TOMORROW we go into action. As yet we do not know exactly what our job will be, but no doubt it will be a dangerous one in which many lives will be lost—mine may be one of those lives.

Well, Mom, I am not afraid to die. I like this life, yes—for the past two years I have planned and dreamed and mapped out a perfect future for myself. I would have liked that future to materialize, but it is not what I will but what God wills, and if by sacrificing all this I leave the world slightly better than I found it I am perfectly willing to make that sacrifice. Don't get me wrong though, Mom, I am

no flag-waving patriot, nor have I ever professed to be.

England's a great little country—the best there is—but I cannot honestly and sincerely say "that it is worth fighting for." Nor can I fancy myself in the role of a gallant crusader fighting for the liberation of Europe. It would be a nice thought but I would only be kidding myself. No, Mom, my little world is centred around you and includes Dad, everyone at home, and my

friends at W'ton—That is worth fighting for—and if by doing so it strengthens your security and improves your lot in any way, then it is worth dying for too.

Now this is where I come to the point of this letter. As I have already stated, I am not afraid to die and am perfectly willing to do so, if, by my doing so, you benefit in any way whatsoever. If you do not then my sacrifice is all in vain. Have you benefited, Mom, or have you cried and worried yourself sick? I fear it is the latter. Don't you see, Mom, that it will do me no good, and that in addition you are undoing all the good work I have tried to do. Grief is hypocritical, useless and unfair, and does neither you nor me any good.

I want no flowers, no epitaph, no tears. All I want is for you to remember me and feel proud of me, then I shall rest in peace knowing that I have done a good job. Death is nothing final or lasting, if it were there would be no point in living; it is just a stage in everyone's life. To some it comes early, to others late, but it must come to everyone sometime, and surely there is no better way of dying.

BESIDES I have probably crammed more enjoyment into my 21 years than some manage to do in 80. My only regret is that I have not done as much for you as I would have liked to do. I loved you, Mom, you were the best Mother in the World, and what I failed to do in life I am trying to make up for in death, so please don't let me down, Mom, don't worry or fret, but smile, be proud and satisfied. I never had much money, but what little I have is all yours. Please don't be silly and sentimental about it, and don't try to spend it on me. Spend it on yourself or the kiddies, it will do some good that way. Remember that where I am I am quite O.K., and providing I know that you are not grieving over me I shall be perfectly happy.

Well Mom, that is all, and I hope I have not written it all in vain.

Good-bye, and thanks for everything.

Your unworthy son,

IVOR.



Pte. Ivor Rowberry

THIS extraordinarily noble film, which deeply moved the audience at the Gaumont at its Press showing, has been conceived and executed with maximum dignity. The "literature" handed to the critics contained no more than the bare mention of the producing company, which is General Film Distributors, Ltd. Nothing about the director, and perhaps I shall not be shot if I say that this was Brian Desmond Hurst. Nothing about the composer of the admirable music, for which Guy Warwick should be given the credit. Only three of the participants—you would not call them actors—are named, and there would have been just as much reason to name three thousand.

THE picture has been superbly made with a wonderful command of variety and of pictorial effect and no suggestion at any time that truth is being made to play second fiddle to effectiveness. The major difficulty in any film of this kind is to let the spectator know what is happening, which seems to me to be equally true of the commander in the field. He may know what is happening, but I feel that he only just knows. This uncertainty, this fog of war, is given its exact value, and it is set in what I can only describe as a welter of luridity. The whole eight days' battle is, as Tennyson said,

Wrapped in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river tide.

Now and again there are shots of great beauty, as when a snowstorm overtakes the summer sky, and the flakes turn out to be

"Theirs Is The Glory"

parachutes, and the music tinkles as if Mr. Warwick had borrowed from Cyril Scott's "Rainbow Trout." And then begins that unequal contest in which some of the bravest men in history were defeated; not so much by a clever and courageous foe as by lack of food, lack of water, lack of sleep, and last, lack of ammunition.

NAPOLÉON said that any army marches on its stomach. I think that Haig in the first World War and Montgomery in the second would agree that the British soldier lives by and on his sense of humour. I have no doubt that many a man spent those eight days at Arnhem in a mortal funk; I doubt whether a single man ceased to see the comic side of discomfort. This ranges from the dry humour of the high-ups to the Rabelaisian lubricity of the low-downs. One of this army's colonels is told by the Germans that if he doesn't evacuate the château now used as a hospital they will blast him out of it with their tanks. The colonel sends a message back that if a single tank dares to come anywhere near him, he will blow it off the face of the earth with his anti-tank guns. The messenger departed, he turns to his adjutant and says, "No need to tell them that I haven't got any anti-tank guns!" But the German is persistent and orders the British to surrender and indicate same by waving a white handkerchief. "Blimey," says a Tommy, "white 'ankerchers arter six days of this muck? Wot does 'e tike us for—a lot o' bloomin' pansies?" And

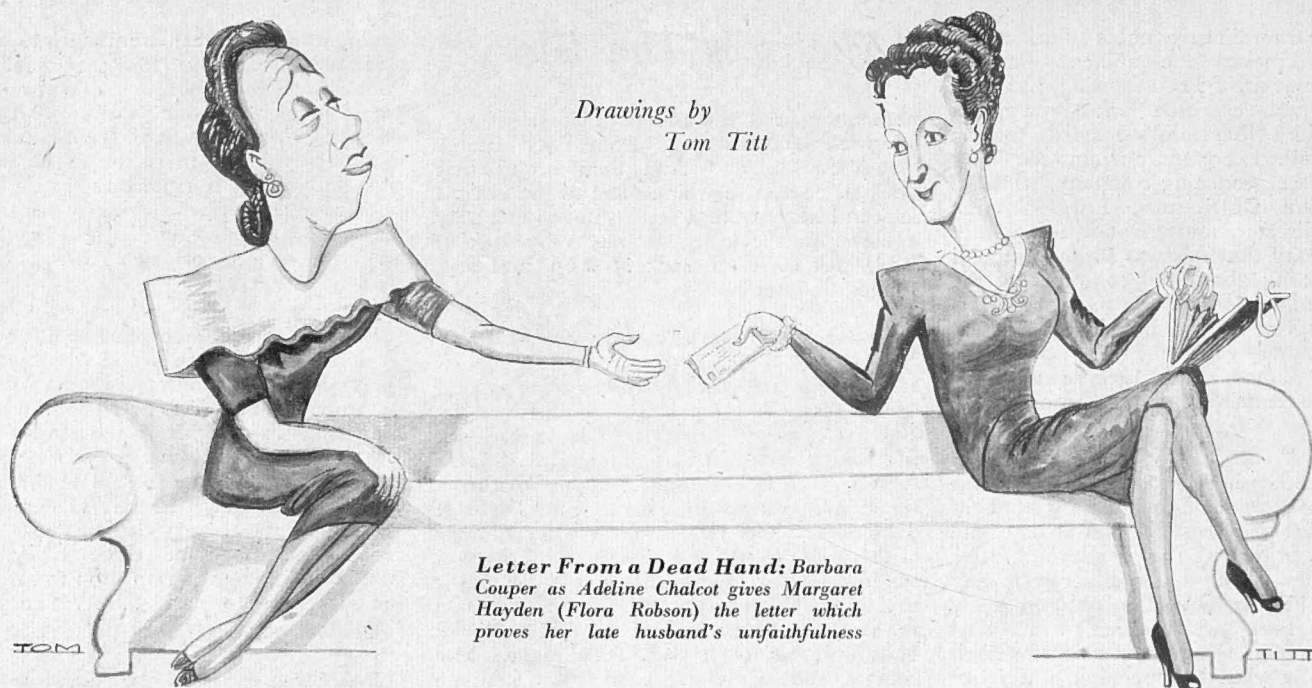
again, when a sergeant tumbles into a trench and the occupant says, "I say, Sarge, don't you go taking off your boots in my boodwah. Wot would the neighbours think?" And last, when the owner of a wireless set is told by his chums to tune in to dance music, and the best he can get is somebody singing "You'll be far better off when you're dead." And all around the bloody battle is raging and an arm's-length or two away men are dying.

Two war correspondents make fine contributions. One is Alan Wood who says: "If in the years to come you meet a man who fought at Arnhem, take off your hat to him and buy him a drink—for his is the stuff of which England's greatness is made." Was he, perhaps, thinking of Shakespeare? The other correspondent is Stanley Maxted: "Their story will be told wherever men cherish deeds of good report—the story of those filthy, grimy wonderful gentlemen who drop from the skies to fight where they stand. . . ." Was he, perhaps, thinking of Pericles?

THERE is little more to be said. I repeat that this picture confers upon the film a dignity which one had thought to be the exclusive property of the tragic drama of the stage. Nothing is given less than its proper value, and nothing is over-stressed. I know no more moving scene than that in which the wife of the burgomaster of Oosterbeek reads the Ninety-first Psalm to wounded boys in whose eyes is mirrored the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday.



Father Lyker, a Dutch civilian priest, holds a service for the wounded in the kitchen of the Tafelberg Hotel, Arnhem. A scene from the film, "Theirs Is The Glory"



Letter From a Dead Hand: Barbara Couper as Adeline Chalcot gives Margaret Hayden (Flora Robson) the letter which proves her late husband's unfaithfulness

The Theatre

"Message For Margaret" (Westminster)

Jack Allen as Robert Chalcot, the rising young poet, holds forth with an urbane confidence undisturbed by any foreboding of the doom in which a false step will soon involve him



ARE you the sort of playgoer likely to ask between the acts: "Yes, but would he have done that?" and to think it highly unsatisfactory that your companion should answer: "But if he had not done that how could Miss Flora Robson so wonderfully be—pathetically resigned, murderous, hysterical, tenderly forgiving and so forth?"

If you are that sort, Mr. James Parish's story of how eminent publishers, prosperous novelists and poets of high promise conduct their private affairs is not for you. But a strong drama for an emotionally strong actress has to get started somehow, and the situation which starts Miss Robson off on perhaps the best acting of her career is not perhaps less credible than the situation from which the tragedy of *King Lear* takes off.

It is perhaps a little strange that a publisher who has got along pretty well with his wife for fifteen years and has always called her "Margaret" should also call his mistress "Margaret," though that is only the name that Mrs. Chalcot uses on the title page of her novels. But that is what he did, and when he was dying in hospital after a street accident his last words were for Margaret. His wife is greatly comforted in her affliction, and then along comes Mrs. Chalcot to flaunt her liaison in the face of the widow, and hot on this gratuitous injury to add the insulting suggestion that she was the Margaret of the last message.

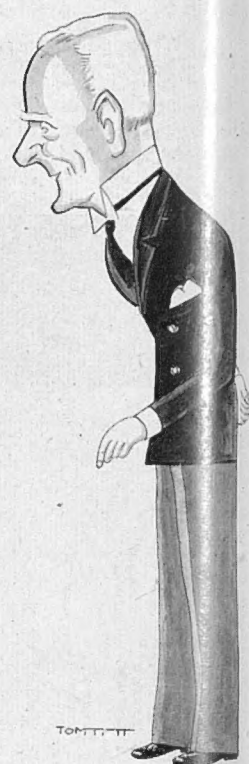
Obviously, Mrs. Chalcot needs a word of explanation. Well, she is selfish to the core. Nothing satisfies her; not the best-selling novels that she turns out with ease and regularity; not an extremely amiable husband, the poet of high promise, whom she is discarding; nothing at all unless (it is evidently a sudden inspiration) she can deprive another woman of a loving ghost. But was she in fact the Margaret of the last message? She cannot be sure, and neither can the poor widow. This ambiguity means, so the author insists, that the two women must continue on visiting terms, bound closer by hate than friendship could ever bind them.

It is from that situation (think of it what you will) that the play develops its high-powered emotional drive. The widow learns that the malicious mistress is about to bear the child that should have been hers. Under this third blow her reason totters. There is a rotten balcony which she has always forgotten to get repaired and on to this balcony she tries to lure her rival. But Mrs. Chalcot is no fool and escapes in time. She has persuaded the poet to delay his divorce until the baby can be born respectably, but, alas, this charming fellow walks whistling on to the balcony and plunges into the street three storeys below.

This is the cue for hysteria, and with what superb control Miss Robson suggests a mind at the end of its tether. At this point there is clearly nothing for it but that Mrs. Chalcot should reconsider her position. Which she does, tiring, as it were, of her own selfishness, magnanimously surrendering not exactly the ghost but, let us say, the shade of the ghost to the widow, and by agreeing to make over the baby when it arrives enabling Miss Robson to end her performance with a display of the tender emotions of reconciliation and motherhood by proxy.

MISS ROBSON's performance is effectively paralleled by Miss Barbara Couper's study of the brazen home-wrecker. The difficult part could scarcely be more persuasively played. Mr. Jack Allen has during the past year been handsomely equal to every opportunity the stage has given him, and as the rising poet and obliging husband he increases our confidence in him. Mr. Edgar Norfolk is the kind-hearted publisher who has so much of the story to explain, and explains it in such bookish dialogue, that he seems to have stepped out of the pages of Pinero. Given his somewhat fantastic jumping-off board, the author contrives an exciting narrative curve, and his tall story is not wanting in ingenuity. Altogether, a pleasant old-fashioned piece of theatricality.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



The Chorus is provided by Stephen Austin (Edgar Norfolk), the talkative publisher, who has all the threads of the tangled story in his grasp and explains the characters to themselves and to the audience as occasion demands



The King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, with the Marquess of Aberdeen, in the Royal Pavilion at Braemar

BRAEMAR AND ABOYNE GAMES

Although the Braemar Gathering, attended by the King and Queen, took place in a downpour which even prevented the photographers from recording it, an attendance of nearly 25,000 watched the Games enthusiastically. The Aboyne Gathering the previous day was also very largely attended, in spite of heavy rain

THE first post-war Braemar Gathering was the wettest in memory to be held at Princess Royal Park, over which the flag of Scotland was flying gaily, in Braemar, which is a small village in Aberdeenshire surrounded by beautiful Scotch hills. But the inclement weather (writes Jennifer) did not deter nearly 25,000 spectators arriving from near and far and staying through drenching rain to cheer their beloved King and Queen, accompanied by the two Princesses, when they arrived during the afternoon.

The events started at 9 a.m. and went on all day until after 5 p.m. They included the picturesque dancing of Highland reels, sword dancing, sailors' hornpipe, Highland flings, Hulaichen and Seann Triubhas. There were running races for men, boys and girls, competitions for pipe bands and bagpipe music. There was vaulting with pole, wrestling the Cumberland style, and the most amazing display of strength in the competitions for throwing the hammer (22 lbs.), putting the ball (16 lbs.), putting heavy stone (22 lbs.), throwing weight

(56 lbs.) and tossing the caber. This last-named is an enormous pole which looked an impossible thing to move, let alone toss! but these mighty and muscular Scots, looking magnificent in their kilts, managed to toss it all right.

All the competitors had to be dressed in Highland costume except for the running and jumping competitions. The Gathering, for the first time in history, had no "March of the Clansmen" from all the neighbouring estates, which in previous years has always opened the proceedings. During the war years the Clans have lost many of their followers, and with the difficulty in obtaining correct Highland costumes owing to coupons, the march had to be abandoned this year. In its place massed bands of about 100 pipers entered the arena from Braemar village, led by Pipe-Major Low.

At 3 p.m. tremendous cheering heralded the arrival of the Royal party. Their cars drove slowly past the stands and stopped in front of the Royal Pavilion, which was decorated all over with Scots pine, rowanberries and

heather. Here Their Majesties and the two Princesses were received by the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, who is Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, and Capt. Alwyne Compton, the new young laird of Invercauld, who has just been demobilised from the Scots Greys, with whom he served through the war. Capt. Compton, who is a grandson of the late Col. Farquharson of Invercauld, succeeded to the estate on the tragic death of his aunt, the late Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson, who was killed in an air raid on London.

THE Queen looked charming in a pale-blue dress and coat with a hat to match and a stole of platina foxes, and wore a large thistle brooch in her hat. His Majesty was in Highland dress wearing the Balmoral tartan, Princess Elizabeth wore a kilt of the same tartan with her short tweed jacket, while Princess Margaret wore a skirt of the Royal Stewart tartan with a jacket like her sister's.

Prince Philip of Greece, who was staying at Balmoral, came with the Royal party, which
(Continued overleaf)

HIGHLAND GAMES (contd.)

also included Lady Mary Herbert and Capt. Sir Harold Campbell, who were in attendance. The Duchess of Kent arrived a little later from Birkhall with her three children, who were all dressed in little blue tweed jackets and kilts, Princess Alexandra wearing a blue beret with her outfit. They all took the keenest interest in watching the events, and I was amused later to see the little Duke of Kent copying the hammer-throwers by swinging himself round as they had done.

The Duchess of Kent sensibly wore gum-boots with her brown-flecked tweeds, with which she wore a matching felt hat and a long sable tie.

A Truly Scottish Scene

BOTH the grand stand and the private stand were filled with Highland Lairds wearing the tartan of their clans, and accompanied by their wives, daughters and sisters, many of them wearing tartan skirts and their clan crests in their hats or lapels. Among those I saw was the Marchioness of Aberdeen, who had a smart tartan umbrella to keep off the rain. With the Marquess, she had brought a party to the Gathering, including his nephew, Major Douglas Gordon of Haddo, and his tall wife, who was wearing a tartan skirt, Major and Mrs. George Bruce, and Mrs. Richard Christie.

Sir Malcolm and Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey brought a party from Dinnet House, including Averil Lady Tryon, Sir Lionel Darrell, Miss Liddell-Grainger, Mrs. Wheatly and her daughter. Mrs. Edward Compton, wearing a clan crest in her beret and a mackintosh over her blue coat, was there to see her tall and good-looking son, Capt. Alwyne Compton, perform his duties as laird for the first time. She was accompanied by her niece, Miss Zoe d'Erlanger, who, like the Hon. Jean Coats, who was sitting beside her, wore a short tweed jacket with a tartan skirt. Miss Coats came with her father, Lord Glentanar, who brought a party, including his brother-in-law and sister, Cdr. Henry and the Hon. Mrs. Adams, Miss Anne Egerton-Warburton and the Master of Sinclair.

Major and Mrs. Alistair Campbell brought their two attractive daughters. Fiona, the elder one, was making her debut at one of the Highland balls the following night. Mrs. James Forbes of Corse was there with her son David. Others in the stands were Major and Mrs. Michael Adeane, Col. and Mrs. Cowan, Miss Barbara Vincent-Jones, the Dowager Lady Birkmyre, Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Chance, Miss Osborne, Mrs. Rose of Tullich, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Butchart, who had flown over from California for a holiday here, which they were determined was to include the Braemar Gathering.

The Presentations

ANOTHER feature of this Gathering is the presentations. The first person to be presented to the King and Queen was the Kabaka of Buganda, ruler of a Province in Uganda, who is studying at Cambridge and was spending part of his vacation in Scotland. The Marquess of Aberdeen was busy with his list in his hand collecting people from the private stand (which is next to the Royal Pavilion) to be presented to Their Majesties. These included Lord Glentanar and his daughter, with Miss Zoe d'Erlanger (the two girls stayed chatting to the Princesses for some time after their presentation), Mrs. Edward Compton, Admiral Sir Charles and Lady Gordon-Ramsey, the Hon. Margaret Forbes-Sempill, Sir Alan and Lady McLean, Sir Malcolm and Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey, Major and Mrs. David Gordon, Lady Grant of Monymusk, Major H. Spence, M.P. for Central Aberdeenshire, and Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Forbes of Rothiemay, Major and Mrs. John Gordon-Duff of Cobairdy, Mrs. Brown of Fraserburgh, who was in her V.A.D. uniform, and Mr. Thornton-Kemsley, M.P., and his wife.

During the afternoon the Queen presented the shield for the winning pipe band to Pipe-Major Chalmers, and was delighted when she heard that the winning team was the Forfar Burgh Pipe Band, from her own home county.



The Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly (right) holding court at the Aboyne Games. With them are Mr. C. J. Young (left) and Mr. Ian Fleming. The Marquess of Huntly is the Premier Marquess of Scotland



Mrs. Edward Compton, Capt. Malcolm Davidson, the Hon. Mrs. Adam, the Hon. Jean Coats with her father, Lord Glentanar, and Miss Zoe d'Erlanger at the Aboyne Games



Rain could not spoil the enjoyment of these spectators at Aboyne: Miss Egerton-Warburton, Miss G. S. Strachan, Mr. T. W. Strachan and the Master of Sinclair



Lady MacRobert of Douneside, F/Lt. Peter Boggis, D.F.C. (pilot of the bomber "MacRobert's Reply"), Mr. W. Heughan of Douneside and F/Lt. N. G. Keen were also present at Aboyne



Sir C. Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, Mr. W. G. Ironside and Dr. W. D. Brodie Brown



The Marquess and Marchioness of Aberdeen with the Marquess of Huntly, his daughter, Lady Lemina Gordon (left), and two-year-old son, the Earl of Aboyne



Mr. Charles Symon and Capt. David Milne judging the 56-lb. weight-throwing at Aboyne



Braemar officials: Mr. G. B. Low and Mr. J. Grant (secretary)

Wet, Wetter, Wettest!



"What, go away? Not until it's up to our chins!" was the reaction of these two dauntless young spectators at Braemar



The Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor with her five children, Julia, Thomas, Georgina, Harriett and Robert, at Stonor Park, Henley-on-Thames. Formerly Miss Jeanne Stourton, she is the wife of Major the Hon. Sherman Stonor, son of Lord Camoys, who she married in 1938. Both take a keen and active interest in local affairs. Stonor Park dates back before 1390, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a secret printing press was set up there by Blessed Edmund Campion, the famous Jesuit

On an Oxfordshire Lawn

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THOUGH he will not be accompanying the Royal party to South Africa, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh—"Joey" to the King and Queen and everyone at Court—is actively concerned, as Master of the King's Household, with the advance preparations for the tour, which are already in full swing at Buckingham Palace, where lists of staff, details of uniforms and equipment, furnishings for the Royal apartments on board the battleship Vanguard, and a hundred and one other details are being settled.

Sir Piers, with Lady Legh, was one of the many who crossed the Irish Channel last month: they stayed for some time at Ashford Castle, Cong, on the edge of lovely Lough Corrib, in Galway, the first real break he has been able to have since before the war, for Sir Piers was on duty almost continuously as one of the two regular equerries—the other was Capt. Sir Harold Campbell, D.S.O., R.N.—who remained in the Royal entourage throughout the struggle, combining attendance as equerry-in-waiting with the really difficult job of running the Royal Household smoothly on its tiny, war-depleted staff. He has been up at Balmoral with His Majesty this month.

SCOTTISH FESTIVITIES

IT was a full week of entertainments in the North, for not only were there the various Gatherings, including those at Braemar, Aboyne and Pitlochry, but there were many dances, including a good one held at Brechin in aid of the Black Watch Memorial Fund, the Angus County Ball and the Perth Hunt Ball.

At the first one, which was very well run by Mrs. Carnegie and a committee, I saw her

husband, the Hon. Duthac Carnegie, and Lady Grisel Ogilvy dancing with her brother, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy. The Earl of Southesk brought his son, Lord Carnegie, who, like most of the men present, was in a kilt. Mr. "Dochie" MacGregor, who has just returned from the Far East, was there with his wife. Lady Shakerley brought her daughter, and others enjoying this dance were Major and Mrs. Douglas Murray, Mrs. Hugh Campbell of Stracathro, Mrs. Carnegie-Arbutnott with her husband and daughter, Mrs. Osborne and Mrs. John Stansfeld of Dunninald.

The Angus Ball a few nights later was attended by a record number of over 400 dancers. The Earl and Countess of Airlie, the latter in black, which showed off her Ogilvy tartan sash well, were there with their two sons, Lord Ogilvy and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, and their youngest and only unmarried daughter, Lady Grisel Ogilvy, who looked very pretty in a lovely white dress. Lord Airlie's only brother, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, came with his wife, who had just come over from Ireland and was wearing an attractive grey dress with a red belt. The Earl of Dalhousie was there with his mother, the Countess of Dalhousie, who looked elegant in cherry red, and his brother, the Hon. Simon Ramsay, was there with his wife. Lady Lyell, in a lovely blue picture frock, brought a small party. Sir Torquil and Lady Munro, the latter looking really lovely in a white lace dress and wearing an exquisite tiara, also brought a party. Another tiara I noticed was worn by Mrs. Thomas Fotheringham, also with a white dress.

Lord Polwarth, accompanied by his wife, was an indefatigable reel-dancer, and another tireless dancer was Lt.-Gen. Sir James Gammell, who

was there with Lady Gammell and a son and daughter. Col. and Mrs. Guthrie came over from Guthrie Castle with their pretty daughter, Christine. Miss Angela Darling was with her brother Jamie, who was unfortunately unable to dance as he had hurt his knee. Others there were Col. and Mrs. Carnegie of Lour, Mrs. Walker Munro with three of her sons, Mr. and Mrs. John Ogilvy of Inshewan, Miss Molly Biddulph, the Hon. John and Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Kenneth Hunter of Garrows, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ogilvy, the Hon. Caroline Douglas-Scott-Montagu and her sister, Mary Clare, and Mr. Douglas Murray, who was secretary to the ball.

THE PERTH HUNT BALL

THE Perth Hunt Ball two nights later, held in the County Buildings, Perth, was another great success. Mrs. Knox Finlay of Keillor had personally supervised the flower decorations, which everyone was commenting on.

Many of the same people I had seen at the other two dances that week were there, and others I saw were the Marquess of Lansdowne, who was one of the committee, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, the newly-married Lady Margaret Tennant with her husband and her brothers and sister, Col. Jim Hutchison, M.P. and Mrs. Hutchison. Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton was dancing with Lord Selkirk, Lord Malcolm being ill and unable to come. Lady Fortune was there with Major-Gen. Sir Victor Fortune, who was a bright spot of colour, even in this colourful scene, in his pink coat. He is kept busy now in the North doing much for ex-Servicemen of the Highland Division, who will never forget all he did for them in France.

Mrs. Gordon Ramsay of Farleyer brought her son and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moon of Balhorne were there with two daughters. Lady Cayzer came over from Kinnordy, and Lady Lyell brought a party from Kinnordy, including Sir Rhys Llewellyn and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gibson two charming Americans who had flown from America in time for the ball. Miss Jean Scott of Corrimuckloch was looking attractive in blue. The Hon. Mrs. Greville Baird was dancing with her brother, Mr. "Dochie" MacGregor, and looked lovely wearing her mother's wedding-dress of white satin and old lace. Pretty Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, in wine red, was dancing with Mr. Alistair Anderson, whose wife, Lady Flavia Anderson, also looked most attractive in a green and white striped dress with a lovely tiara on her red hair.

Others I saw at this gay ball were Col. Gomme Duncan, M.P., Capt. Michael Lyle, Major and Mrs. Michael Crichton Stewart from Falkland Palace, Mr. and Mrs. James Drummond Moray from Abercairney, and Mr. Don Momand, one of our American friends who worked hard with the Red Cross during the war. Mrs. George Nairn of Pitcarmick, looking pretty in black, was there with her husband. Also dancing were Sir Patrick Munro of Foulis and Mr. George Burns, up from Hertfordshire, where he owns lovely Mimms Park.

WAY—RICHMOND WEDDING

As Miss Elizabeth Richmond arrived at St. Ninian's Cathedral for her marriage to Capt. Anthony Way, M.C., Grenadier Guards, the rain was still pouring down; then suddenly during the service the sky cleared, and by the time the happy couple came out of the church the sun was shining. The bride, who was given away by her father, Major George Richmond, wore a beautiful wedding-dress of white satin embroidered with pearls. Her tulle veil was held in place by a coronet of pearls and she carried a bouquet of white carnations and stephanotis. She was attended by six children and four grown-up bridesmaids. They were her nephew and niece, Christopher Dawson and Louisa Macdonald, Aulin Baird (nephew of Lord Stonehaven), Lewis Herriot Maitland, Malvina Murray and Penelope Dewar. The little girls wore white organdie dresses with silver sashes, and white flowers in their hair, and the little boys white shirts and kilts.

The four grown-up bridesmaids were Miss Josephine Gordon Cumming, Miss Christine Guthrie, Miss Angela Cayzer and the Hon. June Marrie, who wore charming white chiffon dresses lightly embroidered with diamanté, with white flowers in their hair, and they all carried most original bouquets of double white stocks. Capt. John Rowley, a brother-officer of the bridegroom, was best man.

After the ceremony there was a reception at the bride's lovely home, Kincairney, Murthly, where Major and Mrs. Richmond received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Major and Mrs. Way. Among those I saw at the reception were the Duchess of Atholl, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield with their son, Viscount Stormont (their elder daughter, Lady Malvina Murray, was one of the bridesmaids), Lord and Lady Rollo, and the bride's aunts, Mrs. Keith Murray and Lady Gordon Finlayson, the latter accompanied by Sir Robert Gordon Finlayson.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Ramsay, the bride's three sisters, Mrs. Herbrand Dawson, Mrs. John Macdonald, Mrs. Becke, Capt. Richmond, the bride's brother, and the bridegroom's brother and sister-in-law, S/Ldr. and Mrs. Lewis Way, were also there. Earl Cadogan, who lives near by at Murthly, brought his son and his little daughters. Lady Lyle came with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Michael Lyle.

FIVE ARTS BALL

THE Duchess of Marlborough is chairman of the first ball to be held at the Albert Hall since 1939. This is the Five Arts Fancy Dress Ball, to be held there on Friday, September 27th, in aid of the Royal Free Hospital, and promises to be a brilliant affair. There are some wonderful prizes for the fancy dresses, including a valuable piece of jewellery, a brand-new Austin Eight car, a fur coat and a radio set. Tickets can still be had from Lt.-Col. R. M. Lloyd (bursar) at the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.2.

A Perthshire Wedding

Miss Loveday Alison Molleno, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Molleno, of Glenlyon House, Forthingall, Perthshire, was married recently to Mr. Denis Winton of Edinburgh, a former R.A.F. pilot, at Forthingall Church



Leaving the church after the ceremony. The train-bearers were Fiona and Gillian Molleno, whose father, the bride's only brother, was killed in the war



Provost and Mrs. J. D. Haggart, of Aberfeldy, who were among the guests at the reception held at the bride's home



Lieut.-Col. J. G. Ramsay, D.S.O., O.B.E., of Farleyer House, Aberfeldy, a member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, and Mrs. Ramsay



The Earl and Countess of Breadalbane and their son, Lord Glenorchy, who came over from Kinnell House



The bridal party. Miss Ferelith Molleno (right), sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Antony Dunford, groomsman



The dense "jungle" along the stream bank, the result of six years' unrestrained growth, emphasises the Whips' difficulty of keeping track of the hounds, one of which, indeed, was lost during the morning

OTTER HUNTERS

Crowhurst Hounds Meet
At Robertsbridge, Sussex

OTTER hunting is a comparatively rare sport, but there are about fifteen packs active in Britain, most of which were established in the early nineteenth century. In early days the otter was killed by a long spear, but now they are picked up and "tailed," or run into by the pack. They are extremely wary animals, and to hunt them requires exceptional skill and knowledge.

The Crowhurst Otter Hounds in their recent meet drew upstream in a stretch of country much neglected during the war, and the going was exceedingly heavy, both for hounds and followers. Although an occasional touch was made during the morning, the only positive result was the starting of a red hind. The hunt continued in the afternoon as far as Dunsfold Mill, but with no further result.



Pack and field moving off from Robertsbridge. Indifferent weather helped to make the going heavy



Hounds working for the scent along the stream bank while Major Henniker, a Whip, keeps vigilant watch



Major R. Henniker explains his duties to an eager recruit—who does not seem too sure of the whip!



Mr. H. R. Gill with his son, Julian, one of the younger members of the Hunt, who acted as Whip with Major Henniker



Lady Macfarlane Reid, who with her son Ranald was an enthusiastic follower, with the "Cap," Mrs. Henniker



Miss F. Jackson, Mr. F. E. B. Jackson and Mr. John Jackson were three of the followers



Mr. H. C. Hudson, Mr. and Miss Graham King and Mr. John Williams discuss the next move



The Master, Mr. S. W. Varndell, and his daughter, Miss Kathleen Varndell, unbox the hounds. Mr. Varndell has been Master since 1904, and has kept the Hunt going through two wars, though there are now only nine couples of hounds compared with a former twenty

PRISCILLA AFTER THE

PARIS has been so delightfully empty, and already it is filling up once more. Soon people will be fighting again for seats in the motor-buses that are becoming so gay with their new all-over coats of paint, all-reds, all-blues, all-greens, so that it will be easy to tell, from a distance, where they are going. Whether this idea, that works very nicely on a sunny day, will be quite so brilliant when the rains and mists of early winter twilights are with us again remains to be seen. One also wonders what will happen when a sufferer from colour-blindness hops into an all-green under the impression that it is an all-blue.

Being healthy—though not very wealthy, and certainly not very wise—I have not worried, during August, about the closed chemist shops; but I believe there has been quite an outcry over the absence of these laudanum merchants, and the fact that it was almost impossible to find a dentist or a doctor in an emergency. We are told that next year this "will be arranged," and that all the doctors and dentists in the various *arrondissements* will not "be allowed" to go away at the same time . . . but these are the sort of promises that make us gently giggle.

THE empty streets, with their long vista of shuttered shops and houses, were very restful, quite *le dimanche anglais*, say my French friends; but I rather think that English Sundays, like English fogs, are not so bad as they are painted abroad. Yes, life has been very pleasant here during the "holidays." No more queueing up for the cinemas, even in the Champs Élysées, where the "first-showings" are to be seen, or at the few foodstuff shops that remained open. Rationed foods mysteriously became almost plentiful. My cheese-and-butter vendor insisted on giving me a whole cupful of milk—to which I have absolutely no right—every day, and when I demurred, she swore that it was rendering her a service, since all the children were away and yet she was getting the same amount as usual. So what? And yet we are threatened with another "fat" shortage, and our butter ration is to be reduced again; while the children's chocolate is also stopped. On the other hand, one may wander along the *grand boulevards*, and every few hundred yards the neon signs and posters of the "Milk Bars" gleam, glitter and shout. Milk and fats are rationed in the dairies, and the brats will have to do without their chocolate for their four o'clock *gouter*, but in a Milk Bar one can, if one pleases and one's liver stands the strain, drown oneself in ice-cream, malted milk, *yoghourt*, and other milkinesses. All this quite inexpensively, since a "Himalaya"—which is a large bowl of whipped cream in which nestle several egg-sized dollops of chocolate-and-vanilla ice-cream—only costs 40 francs.

This obviously is not Black Market, and M. Yves Farge, who demands the death penalty for B.M.-teers, will not be able to order anyone off to instant execution (which reminds me of the other little joke that adorned the dailies this week about the obliteration of a murderer in the South of France by a firing squad because it would have cost too much to transport the "woods of justice"—euphemistic name for the guillotine—from Paris to wherever-it-was). All this seems mighty strange to me. Perhaps if I were wiser I might understand the whys and wherefores of these things.

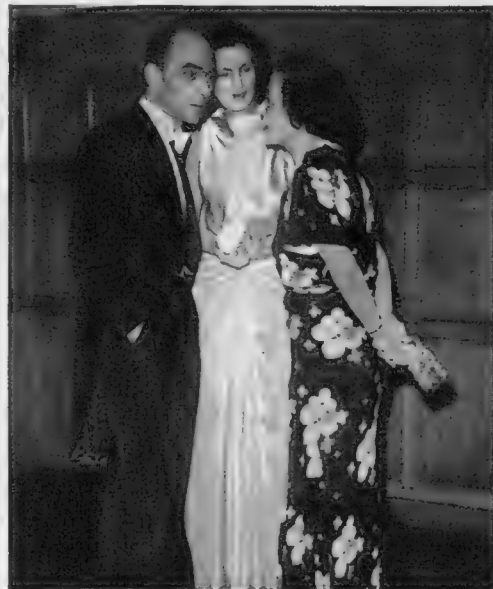
THE notices posted on the shuttered shops: "Closed during August," or "Closed from the 15th to the 1st of September," are coming down. Some of them have been quite funny.



Miss P. Hunt, Miss A. Curtis, Mr. Ivan Princep, Miss C. Curtis, Mrs. Toby Curtis, Major Toby Curtis and Capt. G. Dodgson, who were among the guests at the Rhinefield Polo Club Ball, held recently at Eversley, Lymington, Hants



Miss Ann Austin, the Hon. Mary Clare (sister of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu) and Miss Philippa Harrison



Mr. and Mrs. Scrope with Mrs. John Morant (centre), wife of the owner of Lovely Cottage, this year's Grand National winner



Major J. Whalley-Smith, Mrs. David Holderness-Roddam, Major Cooke-Hurle, the Hon. Mrs. Paine, Capt. G. Rickman and Miss Foreman

Rhinefield Polo Club Ball at Lymington

surveys PARIS

"HOLIDAYS"

My baker, who evidently has a gift for water-colours, put up a caricature of himself sitting on the banks of the Marne, his feet dangling in the water, fishing-rod in hand, and a *litre* of *gros rouge* nestling in the tall grass at his side. This carries the caption: "Closed for repairs." Another one—a butcher's shop—says: "Gone to tell So-and-So (an official name) what I think of him!" Yet another: "Returning when my wife lets me," and "Back when the money gives out!" Even the local poodle-clipper, who attends to my thatch, went away, but he got so bored in the country that he came back to town a few days later and rang up his clientèle asking whether his services were needed, as he would be pleased to "call round and oblige"! It was from him that I learned of the quantity of false hair that is now being worn in Paris, and this is not because some women had their heads shaved after Liberation, but because, while short hair is so convenient in the daytime for all sports, it is not so becoming with long skirts at night.

During Occupation, however, hair dyes became fairly noxious, and when equally harmful "perms" finished off what the dyes had begun, many young lovelies were less lovely with their dyed and frizzled locks, and there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth, for it takes a long time for a spoiled head of hair to get back to its normally healthy condition; hence the present enormous demand for chignons and pigtaileds and curls and plaits. "Bong for business," says my poodle-clipper, and I can well believe him, since a 12-in.-long plait, to be worn as a coronet, costs anything between ten and twenty thousand francs.

WE are getting rather fed up with the Veronica Lake coiffure, and "fed up" is a very apt expression. The charming young things who can proudly boast of such long and silky locks have a skittish way of tossing their pretty heads and whisking 'em round in the Metro, in queues and in other crowded places in such a manner that their flowing manes catch one smack across the face unless one has time to dodge. Most unpleasant, a hair in the mouth being even worse than two in the soup.

My coiffeur, who attends Joy Parry, the well-known fashion writer, also tells me that "dress designers have got together and decided that diamonds are to be the fashion . . . even for wear on sports clothes"! I can imagine our diving champions emerging from the deep end of the swimming-bath and yelping: "Bring out the strainer and filter the water. . . . I've lost my Koh-i-noor!"

Voilà!

● The grand old man of letters M. Tristan Bernard is France's greatest humorist, and it seems as if his grandson—unconsciously at present—is following in grandpapa's footsteps. The following conversation was heard recently at Deauville. "Grandpère, in the other war, it was Clemenceau who saved France, wasn't it?" "It was, *mon petit*." "Like Joan of Arc?" "Yes." "Then why didn't they burn him?"



Lord Rockley, chairman of the National Appeal for Boys' Clubs, and Mrs. Victor Haggard



Mr. Anthony Harding and Lady Coryton, wife of Air Marshal Sir William Coryton



Sir Peter and Lady Farquhar, who were in charge of all the arrangements for the ball



Lt. W. Olphert and Miss Jean McBarnet were also two of the guests

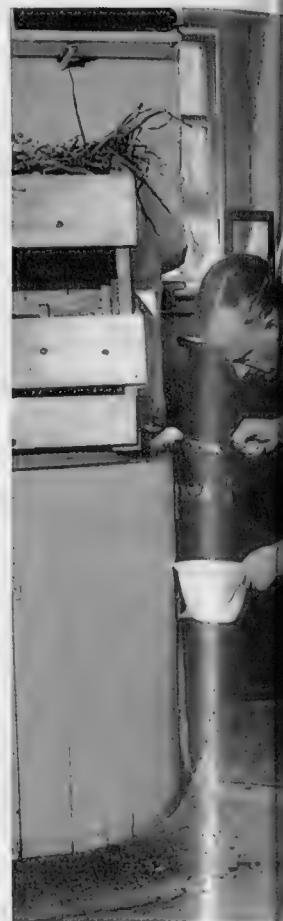


At the County Ball held at Bryanston School, Blandford, Dorset, in aid of the National Appeal for Boys' Clubs: Lady Farquhar, Lord Ashley, Mr. John Alexander, the Marquess of Kildare and Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper (Lord Ashley's sister)

The Dorset County Ball in Aid of Boys' Clubs

LORD SEMPILL FOLLOWS HIS OWN PRECEPTS

LORD SEMPILL, WHO ONCE PRAISED THE HEALTH-GIVING PROPERTIES OF WHOLEMEAL BREAD IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, BAKES IT HIMSELF WHEN STAYING AT HIS SCOTTISH HOME, CRAIGEVAR CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE

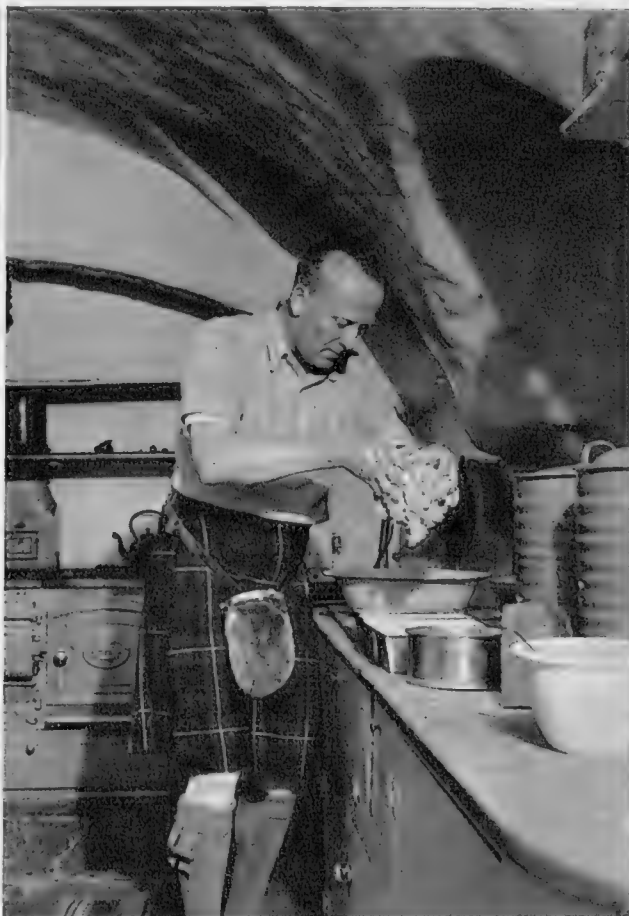


Another occupation at the Castle is driving the "Craigievar Express." This, the first "horseless carriage" in Scotland, was designed and built about 1890 by "Postie" Lawson, a local postman, to help him on his rounds. It is now kept at Craigievar, where he used to call with it to deliver mail. Lord Sempill and his daughter Janet are seen controlling this impressive vehicle as it rumbles down the carriageway



"I Have Always Been Interested in Cooking"

In the Castle kitchen Lord Sempill prepares the flour from wheat grown on the estate. The pictures show him grinding it in a hand-operated stone mill (left), testing its texture and, finally, weighing it out. Lord Sempill, who is the nineteenth Baron, is chairman of the Design and Industries Association. He has a distinguished record in civil and military aviation



A Skill That Only Long Experience Can Teach

The art of kneading bread is not one to be learnt in a day, even by an apt pupil. Lord Sempill brings an experienced touch to this operation, from the preliminary mixing to the moment when the tin is pushed into the oven. A wholemeal loaf made to his recipe will remain eatable for a week. He attributes a good deal of his success as a breadmaker to his mother's example

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

WITH fearless daring, and after exhaustive enquiry in Scandinavia, a Special Correspondent boy has advanced the striking theory that those "ghost" super-V rockets showered regularly over Sweden are being fired not by the fairies (as you thought) but by the Russians. Fancy that.

Even now, perhaps, he hasn't quite got it. The truth is that *Russian fairies* are at the bottom of it, if you ask us, headed by Baba-Yaga, the Old Wicked One, the traditional Fairy Carabosse of Russia. If you've seen Baba-Yaga doing her stuff recently in *The Sleeping Princess* at Covent Garden, looking rather like a wellknown ballet boy but of course far more horrible, you'll agree that she is a nasty old piece. Anybody who would gnash gleeful gums after causing a poor little Princess, by means of a poisoned spindle, to fall into a whirl of unpremeditated dancing would be just the type to fire V-rockets over the cleanly and virtuous Swedes.

It remains now merely to decide who shall be "It." We think that nice boy Archie ("No") Gromykov will have to be "It." Hide quickly, children, when Auntie claps twice. Piano, please, Miss Wagthorpe.

Ghost

APPLYING a natty Old Harrovian shoe to the trousers of practically every Kipling ghost lingering still in India, Pandit Nehru has decreed that all foreigners are "only here as temporary residents." Which leads to conjecture on the fate of the only Kipling ghost we could ever care about.

Has it ever struck you that by all the standards of New (and possibly Old) India Kim is, or was, alas, a hireling paid to betray his adopted countrymen to the ruling Power—still more his Babu chum, Hurry Chunder Mookerjee? Much as we love his epic story, this thought has kept bobbing into it ever since we attained the age of reason, which is some months ago now. Evidently a sleek Hindu gentleman will be calling on Kim and the Babu very shortly, and they will vanish from circulation like the mists on Jakko.

Their playmate and ally, the Afghan horse-coper Mahbub Ali, will give Pandit Nehru's boys a nice run for their money, we imagine, even if he doesn't betray the other two first, for a joke. As for the Lama, we guess his film-work keeps him busy nowadays. Hey, Lama, give us the old smile! Swell! Shake those hips, Baby, and give ole Uncle Lama a big hello. Okay! Swell! *Camera!* . . .

Madrigal

"BEFORE long," boomed a building tycoon the other day, "we shall see women bricklayers, carpenters, electricians, and decorators." The Fleet Street boys didn't mention how he boomed it. Breathlessly? Gaily? Stoically? Desperately? Amorously?

Except for BBC comedians, over whom this news will sweep like a gale of fresh ozone, alas, we doubt if the hamfaced citizenry cares very much. Girls with careers come and go. Even when independent gentlewomen were carving up cops with little hatchets to demonstrate their fitness for the Vote nobody got very excited barring the Press boys, whose job it is. Moreover, women decorators we have already; as you discover (to your cost) in dainty Mayfair shops where brittle Early Victorian knick-knacks are "grouped" as "suggestions," at fifty smackers a time. Whether the most vital woman bricklayer or electrician will fulfil her true destiny we wouldn't know.

*Qu'importe que tu sois sage?
Sois belle, et sois triste! . . .*

Which exquisite cry by a great melancholy poet we make bold to render:

Be sad and lovely, Sweet—who wants you wise?
Thought does but dim the lustre of those eyes;
Blubber, girl. Howl. Let tears enhance the grace,
The splendour of your idiotic face.

This applies especially to those barge-built sweethearts whose unfortunate destiny it is to push hip after hip through a heartless metropolis in too-ample trouserings.

Ducky

ONE of the late Herbert Farjeon's delightful revue-sketches involves a child called Ducky playing Musical Chairs with five doting grownups, including a dear old man with a long grey beard. It ends, very beautifully:

OLD MAN (*triumphantly*): I've won!
DUCKY (*smashing her doll across his head*): You damned old cheat!

A modern pet, essentially, you observe. A product, we guess, of one of those advanced kindergartens which a falsetto type was recently acclaiming as the educational foundation of the New Utopia. At Ducky's establishment the staff was probably changed frequently, owing to being maimed with chair-legs and choppers. Her headmaster was obviously young, smooth, vital, natty, progressive, assured, and, above all, scared to death (we've met him in the flesh), leaping sideways at the word "self-expression" like a mosquito-bitten mustang.

Admirers of this educational system will never tell us what they expect to happen to Ducky when she Gwows Up and becomes the Booful Lady of the soap-ads. They think Broadmoor is a wellknown make of pianoforte, we find.

Dream

IF we were a Scot—we're not worthy—that Jacobite Exhibition at Edinburgh would have us biting our dirk Tootsie in fury at the thought of what a cast-iron pushover we missed in 1745, owing to Staff bunglings.

Have you ever thought of the sequel, had victory come off, as it nearly did? Charles III., having married somebody nicer than that unspeakable witch Louise of Stolberg, would have been succeeded (1788) by the young, handsome, and popular James IV., by which time a great healing rain of Scots would have descended on the Southron; charming chaps, dear persons, millions of chaps like Will Fyffe and Lord Reith and Mr. Gallacher and "Ration" Maconochie and the Master of Balliol and Nervo and Knox and so forth, absolute toppers. Apart from a little purely Celtic bloodshed in the London milk and drapery rackets as the limpet-hold of our kinsmen the Welch was patiently prised loose and they were flung back to the wild hills of Cambria, the operation would have been utterly peaceful.

Afterthought

WHAT an Arcadia! As there would soon be nobody left in Scotland, it would have become the ideal haven or bin for English refugees. The Auld Alliance and universal holy terror abroad would almost certainly have saved Europe from two paralysing world-wars. Instead of a huge mob of drunks howling round St. Paul's Cathedral every Hogmanay there would be a very huge mob of drunks. What a dream! Lord George Murray ultimately killed it, they say, on the eve of Culloden.

Ordeal

THAT commemorative postage-stamp the Eire Government is issuing for the centenary of the birth of the great Charles Stewart Parnell will not, a chap in close touch tells us, show the Tribune with one foot resting on the heaving bustle of his defeated enemy Auntie Times, nor yet in the act of being addressed as "my King" by Mrs. O'Shea over the breakfast marmalade.

Both situations are essentially heroic and Parnellesque, nevertheless.

Don't bother to tell us what you'd do if a woman suddenly addressed you as "my King" at breakfast. We know. You'd get both feet in the marmalade instantly in an agony of shame, you old Nordic decents. You'd choke like Mr. Browning when Mrs. Browning remarked over the bacon-and-eggs: "Unlike we are, unlike, O princely Heart!" The conversation proceeded, when the apoplexy was over:

"Just a thought, Mr. B.!"
"If there's one thing gets a man down, Mrs. B., it's winsome archness at 8.30 a.m."
"All right, princely Heart, there's egg on your princely waistcoat."
"Princely Heart!" What would Alf Tennyson say if he heard a thing like that?
"He'd bust his pants."

A clear, merry peal from Mrs. Browning and Mr. B. returned, growling, to his *Morning Post*. He couldn't take it. Nor could we. Nor could you. Nor could any man alive, except maybe Mr. Herbert Morrison (of Cabinet fame). Which only shows.

Gesture

BURGLARS broke into the flat of a distinguished actor the other night and stole jewellery valued at £150 belonging to his wife. Seasoned drama-lovers may marvel at the smallness of this operation. Our spies in the underworld report that it is a courteous gesture connected with the Decline of Modern British Drama.

In professional textbooks used at evening training-classes (our spies add) the position is made perfectly clear. *E.g.:*

Q. How do you rob a West End actor nowadays?
A. I rob him tactfully and regretfully of a modest sum.

Q. What do you mean by "tactfully"?

A. I mean that I rob him in such a manner as to express the sincere sympathy of a brother-artist.

Q. Twenty years ago West End actresses were never robbed of pearls valued at less than £50,000. How do you explain this wanton cruelty?

A. At that period we had a gentleman's agreement with their Press-agents.

Q. Surely British Drama was declining, even then?

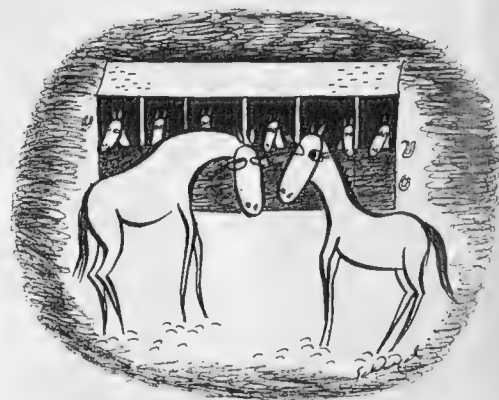
A. It always has been.

Q. Then why this sudden sympathy for actors?

A. We have learned to love them.

Footnote

IT turns out, as the exercise proceeds, that the burglary-racket is crazy about James ("Boss") Agate and shares his stoic sorrows over the Drama every Sunday morning; for one can despair of the Drama and yet overflow with heartfelt charity for those forced to purvey it. As for the Press-agent boys, the underworld hates their cynical and obsolete brutality and spits in their eye, metaphorically speaking. Yah, fascists!



"What a crashingly boring crowd, and not an eligible one amongst them!"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

SEVERAL engineers who were checking-out of a Columbus, Ohio, hotel had a gyroscope with them built into a special suitcase for exhibition purposes—the same type of gyroscope that operates the automatic pilot on a big bomber. As a joke they started it and called a porter, who picked up the suitcase and headed for the door. The gyroscope kept on a straight course through the door, but refused to turn off down the hall with the porter. Three times he fought valiantly with the determined suitcase. Then, plonking it down, he turned angrily on the engineers.

"You gentlemen have been drinking too much!" he snorted, and stalked away.

A SUNDAY school teacher was trying to impress on her pupils the need for missionaries in the East, and told the story of a poor native who broke his arm and was taken to hospital, where he learned for the first time about Christianity.

"Very soon," she concluded, "he was well and returned to his home. Now, how could he learn more about religion?"

There was silence for a moment, then one bright child volunteered: "Please, Miss, he could break his other arm."

A YOUNG woman stalled her car at a traffic light. She stamped on the starter, tried again, choked her engine, while, behind her, an impatient motorist honked his horn, steadily.

Finally she got out and walked back.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I don't seem to be able to start my car," she told the driver of the other car, pleasantly. "If you'll go up there and start it for me, I'll stay here and lean on your horn."

DAVID O. SELZNICK, the producer, is one of those executives who write memos. to their staff members at the slightest provocation, and his employees have learned to expect a Selznick memo. at any moment. Recently, one of the producer's aides discovered that he had given Selznick an incorrect list of production schedules, and also had submitted to him an incomplete file on salaries paid. The aide held his throbbing head for a few minutes, groaned and then sat down to write a letter to his chief. "Dear Mr. Selznick," it began, "in reply to your memo. of to-morrow."

THE following amusing extract is from *New Mexico*: Most of the south-western Indian pueblos celebrate the coming of the white man with a yearly feast. He is usually represented by Indians wearing goat beards and old overcoats, their pockets bulging with papers and magazines. They carry briefcases and look very solemn. Tourists are represented dressed in cast-off modern clothing with tin cans tied all over them, and the Indian women mimic the white women's jodhpurs and slacks by winding their shawls around their legs. Much of the repartee is lost to a white audience, but occasionally an Indian fun-maker speaks in English, as when one of them, unbuttoning first a raincoat, then an overcoat and an undercoat, drew out of a vest pocket a very large watch and remarked: "I must see whether it is time to be hungry."

A MAN telephoned a hardware store to order a scythe.

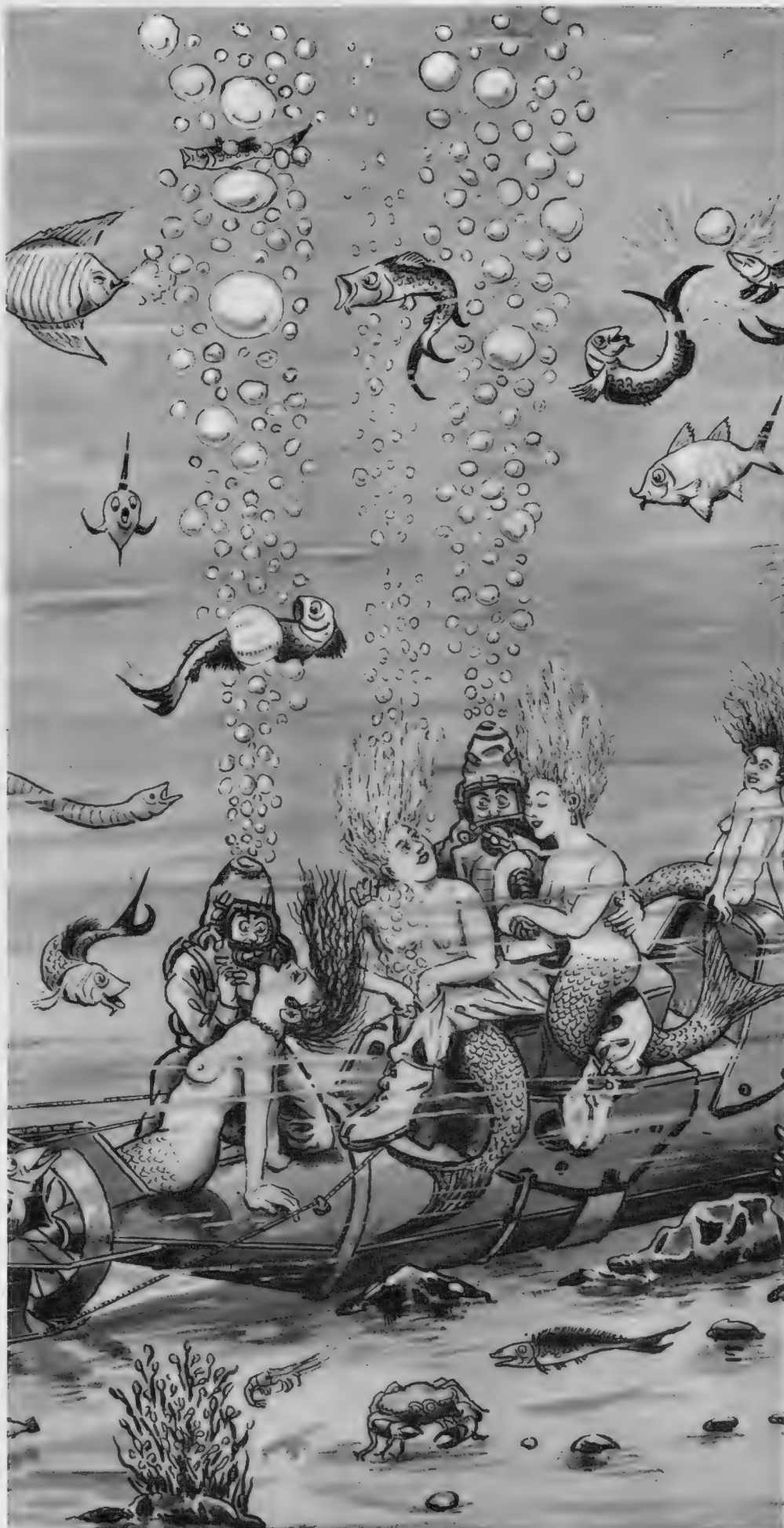
"Size?" asked the assistant who took the call.

"Not size," the man replied, "Scythe."

"Yes, yes, I can hear you," said the salesman. "What size?"

"No, no, no," the customer yelled. "Not size, but scythe—SCYTHE. You know what a scythe is, don't you? A grass-cutter."

The next day a delivery man appeared at the customer's door with a glass-cutter.



RELEASED BY CENSOR

W/Cdr. E. G. Oakley-Beuttler's latest fantasy concerns one of those curious products of naval war, the "human torpedo," whose crew have either forgotten their allotted task or, having performed it, are eluding search by lying on the bottom. In this situation they are dallying very agreeably with mermaids. It is not recorded how late the torpedo was in returning to base.

Pictures in the Fire

By *Sabretache*

THE Past and the Present have always been the best tipsters about the Future! I wonder what you and I and the other fellow ought to think about what these tipsters have recently been trying to tell us? Personally, I only listen to what they say about the stayers, since the short-distance horse is never likely to supply the thing we lack so badly.

Live Letters, for instance, who won the Yorkshire Oaks, knocking all the accepted idols off their pedestals, is in the Cesarewitch with 7 st. 12 lb. Would The Tipster ask us to take note, even though the distance of the Yorkshire Oaks was only 1½ miles? I suggest that she had a smart field behind her at York, and, further, I suggest that we should not forget the best form of Iona and Nelia. Neither of them seemed to enjoy this party; but they are very dangerous wenches when the atmosphere suits them. It is wise also that we think of Steady Aim and Hypericum, both good ones (*vide* the Oaks, June 7th).

The next thing I believe that our Tipster wants to say to us is: "What a pity neither Foxtrof nor Kingstone is in the Cesarewitch!" How easy it is to agree with him! Mr. H. E. Morriss's three-year-old filly by that good horse Foxhunter is a racehorse if ever there was one. Foxtrof won that 1½-mile Ebor Handicap brilliantly and comfortably. The one regret is that there is not a little bit more of her. However, we know what they say about small parcels!

After what Kingstone has done to the horse considered the second best in France, there is now no ground whatever for the aspersions which were cast upon him earlier in the season. It may be recalled that "they" said that he did not put it all in. They said this because Marsyas II. beat him a length in that White Rose Stakes (1 mile 7 furlongs 65 yards) at Hurst Park on June 8th. Did anyone at that time realise how good Marsyas II. was? They found out quite soon in the Goodwood Cup, in which he beat Kingstone again. The French say that Coaraze is much better than Marsyas. So what?

Next Year's Derby Winner?

LASTLY, what is our Tipster going to tell us that we ought to think about Petition, who won the 6-furlong Gimcrack on August 29th without flicking a feather off himself? I know my personal view; but that is not evidence. I believe that we saw the winner of next year's Derby. What did he make of all the rest of them? Just seaside donkeys. He had Sayajirao beaten three furlongs from home. Yet we believed that Sayajirao and Wet Bob represented the élite.

Petition wins the Middle Park for a certainty if his connections think it worth while to run him. They may decide, however, that they can afford to sit pat, and I think they will be very wise if they do. They have got all the information they can possibly want. An interesting fact to note is that Petition has Carbine and Sceptre in the bottom line of his pedigree; Fairway stands at the top, and the only possible loose nut to which anyone might point is Sundridge. As to the beautiful and costly Sayajirao, he is very callow at the moment; but I do not think it would be wise to forget to remember him when he is more tightened up than he is at the moment.

Usque ad Coelum

AT the moment there is no case-law to aid the jurist in deciding exactly what this legal doctrine connotes; but recent events would seem to indicate that we must sooner or later get an authoritative ruling. Even the Prince of Denmark's most reprehensible uncle lent no aid in determining exactly how far up he thought that the malodorous fumes of his offence penetrated. Presumably, however,

before a free air is reached, the altitude will have to be far above the stratosphere. At the moment, even the most erudite lawyers have not even the foggiest idea. Is it somewhere beyond human or camera vision, and added to that is the question, how can the flier be certain that at the very moment of his passage a smudge of smoke or steam from a kettle may not completely ruin the picture of a military objective? The first thing, however, is that we must have some definite case-law.

"The Decline of Invective"

THOSE who are so perturbed at the diminishing store of bad names which people can fire at one another ought to be extremely grateful to Dr. L. S. B. Leakey for his recent and enthralling dissertation in the pages of *The Times*, for he has come to the rescue of Lord Macmillan, who was the first to draw attention to the impending famine in expletive, and of many other deep thinkers who have followed his lordship.

Dr. Leakey elaborates much that possibly was known to many, and especially perhaps to the past and present alumni of that seat of learning, Balliol. To call somebody Pithecanthropus I should say has always been actionable, aggravated as it is by the false quantity. In the times when I was compelled to be a student of Greek, if I had said Anthropos instead of Anthropolos, I should have got myself considerably disliked, to put it no higher. However, we can afford to skip "Pithec," for Dr. Leakey provides us with so much more. He produces three things discovered by a fellow-scientist, Dr. A. T. Hopwood, Xenopithecus, Limnopithecus and Proconsul (sounds a bit like the Marx Brothers)—all of them very obnoxious Anthropoids, Proconsul being about the worst.

No wonder a celebrity of bygone days got so cross when in one of our learned periodicals he was called "a prancing Proconsul with the side-whiskers of the under-gardener." He must have known the hidden meaning. The early Proconsul was surely a very dangerous person, because Dr. Leakey tells us that he found his chin "embedded in the face of the cliff"! Some biter! Limnopithecus, as we are told, is a near relative of the Gibbon, called by the not-so-learned a Hoolook, a most unattractive monk who walks on his hind-legs with his finger-tips touching the ground. He is so like so many people one knows. He is not as fierce as Proconsul, but has unpleasant habits.

A Tragedy

A CHARMING siren I once knew kept a Gibbon as a pet, and all the infatuated, who were tied to her chariot-wheels, had to pretend that they liked him and the ear-piercing noise he let out of himself. She called him "Hooloo," and it suited him entirely. When the White Witch went away for a spell she boarded "Hooloo" out with the battiest of her slave gang, a chap we used to call "Damp," and she swore him to see to it that "Hooloo" was sumptuously fed, groomed and flea-ed every day.

Very soon after the lady had gone "Hooloo" got loose, and danced off into a garden where there were two Airedales and a terrier from the adjacent kennels. "Damp," of course, was out of the few wits he possessed, and at once sent a cable, that must have cost the thick end of a fiver, describing the tragedy and the funeral. Stupidly, at short-drink time in the adjacent club, he told a hard-cased citizen of the U.S.A. all about the murder, and recited to him the text of his wire, hoping, of course, for a little sympathy. "Shucks," said Hiram, "I cud a done it in t'ree li'l woysds!" "You couldn't, you ass," said the indignant "Damp," bristling with rage. "You're talking rot!" "Yep, brother, t'ree li'l woysds," came the retort, "Monk Abe's Bos'!"



Sir Archibald Weigall, K.C.M.G., presenting the cup to Rita Neville, who won it after three jumps-off with the runner-up



Whisky clears the last of the nine fences to win the Challenge Cup for his youthful rider, who showed astonishing horsemanship



A Remarkable Young Lady

Rita Neville, of Slough, beat 103 other competitors for the South of England Juvenile Challenge Cup in the British Show Jumping Association's Victory Show at the White City recently. Her jumping of a course of nine fences, some five feet high, without fault, is believed to be a world record

SCOREBOARD



HASTINGS is more famous for Chess ("Fetch me a new bishop; this one is loose") than cricket; but it has a delightful ground which, because of the surrounding houses, looks smaller than it really is; just as a husband seems to shrink when entirely enclosed by his wife's female relations.

It was here that the great and still-unrivalled Gilbert Jessop played one of his least believable innings, using the sight-screens as gongs and chipping architecture off the local Congregational church. Several hundred yards above the ground, on the sea horizon, lies the Scotsmen's Pavilion; not an edifice, nor even a mirage, but a parsimonious gallery, an economical eyrie, for those who desire to follow the game without the inconvenience of payment. Life subscription for the communal telescope is 3d.; 2d. for minors.

TALKING of spectators, nothing is more disquieting in to-day's first-class cricket than the decay of Barracking. There is a sickening surfeit of applause. Maiden Overs are greeted with cheers, when it should have been obvious to the most pie-eyed that the batsman has merely been temporarily mesmerised by the ineptitude of the bowling.

What, for instance, has happened to Bristol's stentorian Joe Bottle, who in the Bank Holiday matches between Gloucester and Somerset used to shout, "Field-ed, Lyon!" every time our wicketkeeper failed to gather the ball? Even the pavilion joined in; and I recall a committeeman, in a grey bowler-hat with a sort of radio set attached, shouting rude instructions to our captain, who walked across the field and told him, *coram senatu*, to mind his own particular kind of business. Pretty work all round.

It was in Bristol, entirely by the way, that my great-uncle, the Rev. A. P. Wickham, was keeping wicket for Somerset when W. G. Grace scored 288 for Gloucester, at the age of forty-seven. Wickham, who wore pads with black kid tops, only took four balls behind the Doctor during that innings. In later years, great-uncle used to scoop me up at the end of the day's play at Taunton, and make me play billiards in his house till midnight. But his best matches were with Sam Woods; 2000 up, all night. Sam drank whisky; the Prebendary, tea. "So," as Sam said, "by three in the morning he'd gone in the legs and I'd gone in the nut."

THE Prebendary said that his father remembered the days when bookies came to Lord's and shouted the odds as the batsman walked in to bat. Nothing was too much trouble for "the boys" in those days. Once, when a batsman was spoiling their book, they had a message sent out to him that his wife was dead. Hardly cricket. What a game it must have been when England's leading amateur, the Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk, fourth son of the Duke of St. Albans, and a descendant of Nell Gwynne, admitted to making £600 a year out of cricket. And here are we arguing about money for broken time.

Lord Frederick was something of a linguist, and once, on a railway journey, a horse-coper changed his compartment because "his Lordship's language is too much for me." His Reverence must have had a stiff job pulling himself together each Sunday in the vestry.

R.C. Roberts Glasgow.



Mr. Richard Lonsdale-Hands, whose latest work is the interior design of the Avro Tudor II., in his office. He travelled 14,000 miles between London, New York and the Pacific to get first-hand information on the flying conditions of B.O.A.C.'s competitors. During the war his company was responsible to the Air Ministry for camouflage on R.A.F. aerodromes in Southern England

Inside B.O.A.C.'s New Air-Liner

DURING the austerity period, British air transport services have rightly concentrated on safety and reliability to attract passengers, and have gained an enviable reputation for these qualities. B.O.A.C. is now, in its latest air-liner the Avro Tudor II., meant for Empire services, introducing refinements of comfort and elegance which should put Britain well ahead in this sphere also.

Mr. Richard Lonsdale-Hands, the industrial designer, and his associate, Mr. John Tandy, have worked with B.O.A.C. and the makers of the aircraft to produce an interior of rare distinction. The colour-scheme is blue, fawn and grey, with relief in white, and plastics are extensively used in the decor and appointments. The seats for the 36 day passengers can be converted into bunks which, with supplementary berths, can carry 22 passengers at night in a manner which is likely to set a new standard of sleeping accommodation en voyage.



The cocktail-bar of the Tudor II. The curved counter is of white plastic material with Perspex and metal fittings. At airports it becomes a Purser's Office, where passengers are welcomed aboard the aircraft and directed to their seats



Cubbing with the Southdown

The Southdown met at Bo-peep Top, on the South Downs between Lewes and Eastbourne, recently. Meets are held mainly on the Downs to avoid damage to crops, but later in the season they are divided between the Downs and the Weald. The Master is Captain A. W. Dalgety (second from left)

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"Rogue Elephant"

"Collected Stories"

"Thanks, God! I'll Take It From Here"

"The Englishman Builds"

Skeleton in the Cupboard

ONE pleasant aspect, in literature, of the return to peace is that novelists silent during the war years are to be welcomed back. The best of these will take up where they left off; it will be up to them to consolidate what was, before or early on in the war, a growing, already considerable reputation. Walter Allen's *Rogue Elephant* (Michael Joseph; ros. 6d.) is its author's first novel for six years: before that, he had three others to his name. This is not, as its title might suggest, a tale of the jungle—not, at least, of the jungle in the literal sense: we find ourselves, it is true, in a strangling, trackless growth of human hostilities, inhibitions, secrets, fantasies and fears. The whole, in a steamy climate under a torrid sky.

So much for the psychological scene. Physically, the scene is Devonshire: Swithins, that charming old-world house, redolent, with its chintzes, wide windows and oak beams, of all that is best in English home life, stands not far from Exeter, overlooking a watered valley. Here lives Mrs. Forrester, who in middle age keeps all her romantic charm; her over-devoted son Alan; her under-developed daughter Audrey; her *enfant terrible* father, old Mr. Kinlet, with the goatee beard; and her companion-housekeeper, Miss Roffey. And her brother, Professor Kinlet, his bird-watching wife and his daughter, Sheila, are spending at Swithins a month of their summer holiday. The time is between the two wars: the weather is fine, too hot; and a garden fête in aid of the League of Nations is projected, and takes place in the course of the tale.

Everything seems too good to be true, and is—there is a skeleton in the Swithins family

cupboard. The cupboard is difficult to locate: it has, metaphorically speaking, been pasted over with rosy paper.

Outsider

A CHANCE meeting in the Reading Room of the British Museum precipitates Mr. Henry Ashley upon the Swithins scene. Years ago, in his working-class boyhood, Henry Ashley, as the bright pupil, had been a *protégé* of Alan Forrester's during the latter's experiment in schoolmastering. Henry Ashley, in person, is the rogue elephant—fat, ugly, fascinating, unscrupulous, twenty-five years old. Writer or trouble-maker in real life. Doubtfully, for he detests the country, he accepts Alan Forrester's invitation—to find himself, in a circle of agitation, the first outsider at Swithins for many years.

What accounts for the sinister atmosphere in the charming house, for the hectic undercurrents between this group of outwardly prosaic people, for the lover-like solicitude of Alan for his mother, for the repression of Audrey (who at seventeen is treated as though she were ten years old, and still plays with dolls), for the virulent hostility displayed by Professor Kinlet towards his sister, for the gimlet-eyed watch kept on every movement on the part of the irrepressible old father, for the overboiling anxiety of Miss Roffey, for the isolation in which this well-to-do and presentable family have lived so long, and for the lack of any reference to the past? Henry would like to know—and so would the reader. Audrey and her first cousin, Sheila Kinlet, are, as juniors, also outside the secret.

Henry, outside in every sense, is something more than a mere inquisitive guest: he is a destroyer by temperament, and is to act the destroyer here. His motives are mixed—in fact, it is the complexity of his motives, rooted in the complexity of his character, which makes *Rogue Elephant* the commanding novel it is. Henry is a monstrous masterpiece, treated by his creator with the clear-sighted ruthlessness with which he, in his turn, is to treat the rest of the cast. Humanly, in exposing the family skeleton our hero is justified: he acts, or holds himself to be acting, in the interests of Audrey, whom this concealment keeps stunted, a fake child inside a nightmare world. Audrey's friendship with Henry brings her, trembling, to the verge of reality: she commissions him to find out the truth about her father (for that the secret *does* centre round the late Mr. Forrester soon becomes apparent) and, without fail, to tell her, however bad it be.

The truth, rooted out, is so bad that he cannot tell her, except in a letter which, fleeing Swithins in horror, he leaves behind.

And the Reader?

"ROGUE ELEPHANT" is a savage, pitiless book—only Audrey emerges, by the end, with a shred of nobility left. Though one cannot help sharing both Mr. Allen's and Mr. Ashley's affection for old Mr. Kinlet. Apart from its plot and searing characterisation, the novel has the fascination of raising questions of right and wrong, not only human but technical. In a detective story, holding-back of the truth is part of the game; one reads for the pleasure of being tantalised. But also, in the detective story the characters are,

deliberately, drawn from the outside only. In *Rogue Elephant*, we have pretty deep penetration into each individual in a group; while, at the same time, having withheld from us the key-fact conditioning their behaviour. If we only saw the Swithins household through the mystified eyes of Henry Ashley it would be all right; but we, also, see them when Henry is off-stage. We are admitted to inside conversations (between Alan Forrester and his mother, between Mrs. Forrester and Miss Roffey), which all hinge on "it," without being told what "it" is. It would seem to me a moral-technical rule that a novel (as apart from a detective story) should be above-board; that all the cards in the pack should be face up before we begin to watch what the novelist does with them. Mrs. Forrester and her household are all "cases." Until we know why they are "cases," what made them "cases," our interest in them is bound to be vulgar rather than scientific. Had the bald truth been told at the outset, not at the end, the value of *Rogue Elephant* would, for me, have been doubled. But as it stands, it is an outstanding book.

Short Stories

"COLLECTED STORIES," by T. O. Beachcroft (The Bodley Head; 10s. 6d.), presents again to the public, who should be grateful, the work of one of our best practitioners in the short-story field. Myself, I am struck and dazzled, first of all, by the width of Mr. Beachcroft's range of subjects: I should doubt whether any short-storyist other than Guy de Maupassant uses so many differing types of character, shows such close technical knowledge of diverse trades, backgrounds, interests and ways of life, or adapts his own manner so perfectly to the personnel and atmosphere of each tale. We have to do, in this collection, with doctors, lorry drivers, sailors, spinster gentlewomen wishing to marry vicars, mothers of families, sergeant-majors, workers in explosive factories, priests, schoolboys, brides, business men, lunatics, farmers, a general.

Its title, to-the-point and attracting interest, lends each of the stories off with a good start. I would instance "She Was Living With His People," "Old Women Are Tough," "Iodide in Hut C.4," "The Young Against the Old," "His Fortieth Birthday," "He Wanted a Pear Tree," "The Parents Left Alone." You can see that, with such a lead from the author,

BOWEN on BOOKS

the reader need waste no time casting around—a good many short stories, other than Mr. Beachcroft's, only become comprehensible half-way through. Apart from this, the dialogue—brusquely realistic as it so often is—exudes, from each word, the character of the speakers. And there is no fuzzy, semi-poetic mystification in the character-drawing. The result is, that one is engaged with every one of these stories from the very first line; one is at once at grips with the situation, and one reads with vivid interest up to the end. Nor are the stories formless; they have plot—with, almost always, a last unexpected turning.

The only grouch I have, a substantial one, is not against Mr. Beachcroft, but against his publishers. Each story should show its title as a heading for every relevant page. Apart from anything else, the reader should, at the start, be able to judge its length—an important factor. Also, if one should happen to lose one's place (which, in this case, could not possibly be from boredom, but might occur through one's happening to drop the book), one has to look back at the index to find one's story again. . . . Incidentally, the best of all is *The Eyes*.

The Girl in the Train

"THANKS, GOD! I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE" is, as you may surmise from its title, an American novel—published in this country by Faber and Faber, at 7s. 6d. Of its two authors, Jane Allen and May Livingstone, the former gave us the still more friskily-named *I Lost My Girlish Laughter*. I think that American book-buyers cannot possibly be at all shy: myself, I should need to draw a deep breath before asking for either of these works across a London shop or library counter. How stodgy one is—or, perhaps, how stodgy we are.

The novel in hand, *Thanks, God! I'll Take It From Here*, has a promising subject—that of an authoress who confronts the hero of her own novel, in the train. Christopher Madden (female, "Kit" to friends) is travelling, in a blaze of publicity, from New York to Hollywood, where she will supervise the filming of her best-seller novel.

"Meeting in Jeopardy," a high-minded work, has been headlined as the call of America's youth for a better world; its airman hero, Mark Winston, has been the mouthpiece of Kit's poetic soul. To find herself faced with Mark's incarceration is, however, a somewhat startling experience—and the blue-eyed Rusty, flying Marine, of real life, proves to be a flirtatious travelling companion. Straight-forward American masculinity sweeps Kit, the dream-bred highbrow, off her feet. Breathless adventures, off and on trains, are to follow—as, also, pages of wisecracks: these latter pall. The book has a strong satirical undertone; but fails to be, somehow, as funny as it could be. It may, I should think, where America is concerned, debunk Brave New World novels for quite a time to come. . . . I was puzzled, on reaching page 99, by a reference to the Loch Lomond monster.

From Then to Now

"THE ENGLISHMAN BUILDS," by Ralph Tubbs (Penguin Books; 3s. 6d.), is the story of English building—architecture, materials, craftsmanship—from after the Norman Conquest up to to-day. Well-chosen, and in some cases strikingly beautiful illustrations help to bear out Mr. Tubbs's points: with their aid, he has traced England's social and ideological growth—as expressed in cathedrals and churches, great and small country houses, city and village streets, public buildings and factories—through the centuries. He is concerned with architecture as in relation to the human spirit and to its aspirations; he pictures the typical man of every age. What he writes is an argument, with a touch of the tract: there are times when he can be irritating. In the main, though, this is an excellent piece of work: slim, concise and handsome. Good reading for yourself, and a good way of making your children building-conscious.

(Continued on page 382)



Among the guests on holiday at the Ashford Castle Hotel, Co. Mayo, was Sir Piers Legh (right) who is Master of the King's Household



At the castle for a fishing holiday on his release leave was Mr. Clive Wilkinson, D.S.C., the Oxford Rugger Blue



Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Hill, K.B.E., C.B., who left the Navy in February, was also on a fishing holiday. Ashford Castle was formerly the home of the Hon. E. A. Guinness

They Were in Ireland

Drawings by Frank Bowman



Miss Elizabeth Nedas, whose engagement to Mr. Raphael de Sola has recently been announced, Miss Nedas did voluntary work for the B.B.C. during the early part of the war. Later she was appointed Secretary to the U.S. Army University at Biarritz, and afterwards became Secretary to the American War Crimes Commission at the Nuremberg trial

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Linley — Gardiner

Lieut. James Linley, R.N.V.R., son of the late Mr. Frank Linley, and of Mrs. Linley, of Sloane Street, London, married Miss Doreen Jane Gardiner, elder daughter of the Rev. H. A. and Mrs. Phelps Gardiner, of Brampton Rectory, near Beccles, at St. Peter's, Brampton



Hetherington — McClure

Captain Gordon Wrigley Hetherington, M.A., the Essex Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hetherington, of Frederick Street, Oldham, married Miss Jean Clara McClure, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. McClure, of Overton Drive, Wanstead, at St. Mary's, Wanstead



Howe — Maffey

Major Charles Howe, R.I.A.S.C., of Forest Hill, London, married Miss Barbara Maffey, youngest daughter of Mrs. J. T. Maffey, of Lee, London, S.E., at St. Mildred's, Lee, S.E.



Summons — Williams

Lieut. Robin St. G. Summons, R.N., youngest son of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Summons, of Melbourne, Australia, married Miss Diana Muriel Glyndwr Williams, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Glyndwr Williams, of Marling Cottage, Itchenor Gate, near Chichester, at Chichester Cathedral



Emmett — Lipscomb

Captain Brian R. Emmett, R.A., married Miss Judy Lipscomb, actress daughter of Mr. W. P. Lipscomb, playwright and film producer, at St. Marylebone Parish Church

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**Jean
Lorimer's
Page**

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Photographs by Joysmith



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Oliver Stewart on FLYING

WHEN two great countries like Britain and the United States are both working hard on the technical advancement of aviation there are bound to be conflicting claims. It was an error, for example, to claim—as was claimed—that the 427 miles an hour of the Vampire in the most interesting Cinque Ports high-speed handicap was the highest speed at which an air race had ever been flown.

It is true that this was a higher speed than was attained in the Schneider Trophy events; but it so happened that just before the Cinque Ports meeting the Bendix Trophy race in the United States had been won at an average of 435 miles an hour. The aircraft was a Mustang.

The two races are not strictly comparable; because the Bendix Trophy is a straight run, whereas the Cinque Ports race was over a short course with many turns. So it would be justifiable to claim for the Vampire a far more impressive overall performance, for it showed a remarkable combination of speed and manoeuvre. The point I make is merely that it was not the highest speed at which an air race had been won.

Heat, Sound and Speed

UNFORTUNATELY I was not able to go to the Cinque Ports meeting, because I was still at Tangmere waiting for the world speed record attempt. Nothing but the weather was to blame for the repeated postponements. In fact the postponements were useful in that they helped the wider public to understand what a Mach number is and why you must have a hot day to do the highest speed.

The point is that if the average Mach number that an aircraft can maintain over three kilometres is known, then the top speed the aircraft can reach can be deduced from the temperature. Modern ultra-high-speed aircraft are indissolubly associated in their performance with the speed of sound; they trail along behind the sound waves at a fixed proportion; and the speed of sound increases as the day gets hotter.

Weather records going thirty years back indicated an extremely high probability of a hot, still day in the Rustington-Littlehampton district between about

the 15th of August and the beginning of September. So the Air Ministry's arrangements for the record attempt were sound. The weather, unlike the leopard, changed its spots and behaved as it had not behaved before in living memory. Nevertheless the record



Lord Perry, K.B.E., LL.D., Chairman of the Ford Motor Co., Ltd., speaking at a dinner to celebrate the manufacture of the millionth Ford vehicle at the Dagenham factory. Mr. John Wilmot, the Minister of Supply, is on his right

was broken, if not by the margin which had been hoped for.

All of which made me wonder whether the old wives' tale about the weather being upset by all the recent man-made explosions, including the atomic ones, could possibly have some truth in it. There have certainly been a greater number of loud noises in the last six years than ever before.

Grasshoppers Wanted

THERE never was a time at which the ultra-light aeroplane could have better served the interests of civil flying in this country. I pointed out, when I discussed the Straight-Preston expedition, that the

clubs must either be subsidized or find a way to fly much more cheaply.

We want now something like the Lowe-Wilde aircraft, or the even earlier Grain Kitten. There are no illusions about the limitations which apply to such a machine. High winds ground it and strong adverse winds wreck its range. But it can provide cheap aviation and pleasant aviation.

Indeed I would say that the pleasure derived from the actual handling of an aircraft is to some extent in inverse proportion to the horse power. The genuine touch is best developed when the mechanical urge is small. Sail-flying develops handling skill more than turning taps behind an enormous engine.

We do want a Henri Mignet over here; someone who could pull the trigger of air enthusiasm. But the atmosphere of England is not at the moment very favourable to this kind of individual. But I am always hoping.

Bold Claim

AN enterprising Hollywood film company is making a picture about the life of John Joseph Montgomery, the American aviation pioneer. He was an interesting man who contributed greatly to aeronautical progress; but I am wondering if the claim that film will make will be accepted.

It will, I gather, describe him as the first man in the world to fly a heavier-than-air machine. This claim is based on the fact that he was doing gliding experiments in the early days and that on one occasion, eight years before Otto Lilienthal flew and twenty years before the Wrights flew, he is said to have made a controlled flight of about 200 yards.

I have not seen the evidence though I believe that the new film will provide it. It seems, however, that there was only one witness of the flight, Montgomery's brother. For some reason they were doing their experiments in secret.

If that is the true position, then it seems strange that, having flown, they did not give a public demonstration soon afterwards. I shall await the film with interest and so will all who are fond of aviation history. But the suggestion that someone made controlled glider flights eight years before Lilienthal will take a lot of establishing.

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Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

THREE comical lions known as the three Bees—Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered, will soon be arriving at their new home in the London Zoo. They are coming over within the next month or so from Kenya.

Captured when very young the three cubs soon became amazingly tame, and were treated almost as household pets. They acquired their names from their habits. One, a young lioness, has a face on which the markings resemble a very heavy frown; she was at once named "Bothered." The second was called "Bewitched" because he was always so madly playful. The third, "Bewildered," spent much of his time watching the other two; he did not join in the games very much but always stood around looking on with a puzzled air

wondering what the fun was all about.

THE three were not locked up even when nearly fully grown because all were docile and obeyed orders—Bewitched, however, had one curious idea; he would not enter his cage at night unless the keeper went down on his hands and knees and allowed him to jump on his back. In this way he "rode" into the cage quite happily. Until this foible was discovered and recognized he would rush about at retiring time, dodging like a playful pup.

It is doubtful however whether Bewitched's antics will meet with the approval either of the Zoo authorities in London or the keepers, especially as, when the three reach England, they will be almost fully grown lions.

ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 375)

Spanish Painting

IMPORTANT addition to the "Discussions on Art" Series (Avalon Press and Central Institute of Art and Design, 8s. 6d.) is *Spanish Painting*. Thirty-eight plates in colour and monochrome have an introductory text by Philip Hendy, Director of the National Gallery, London. Not the least interesting part of Mr. Hendy's essay is a suggestion, on its earliest page, that we might understand history better if our great national collections were less nationalized in their arrangement. "Since art," he says, "is a universal language, a new arrangement to show what men have thought and dreamed in common might be of more use to the world in its present condition than the old method of emphasising the boundaries which have kept their minds apart." In this, his study of Spanish painters, he shows the work influences from across the frontier, while showing, at the same time, how Spanish political and religious conditions (for the great part, fiercely reactionary) happened to foster the genius of some painters, while biasing or inhibiting that of others.

Spanish Painting begins with Bassa (c. 1290—after 1348) and ends with Picasso, born 1881. Clearly and vividly written, the opening essay fills in gaps in our knowledge, and throws new critical light on masters already familiar—El Greco, Zurbaran, Velasquez, Murillo and Goya. The thirty-eight illustrations have been so chosen and placed as to give point to the text.

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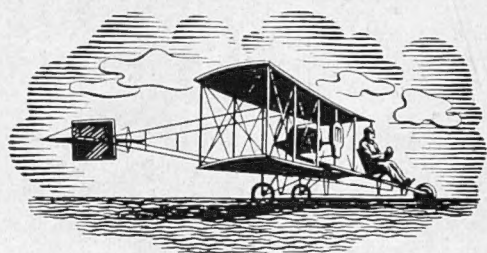
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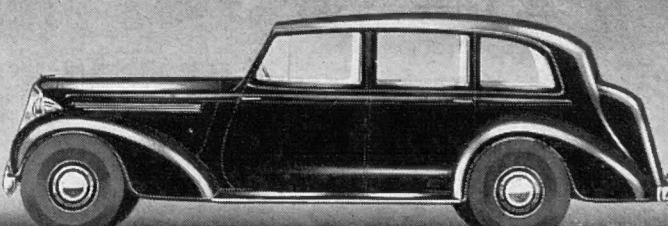
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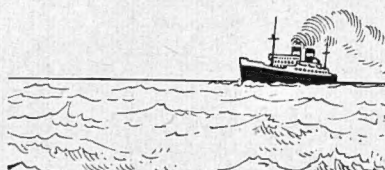


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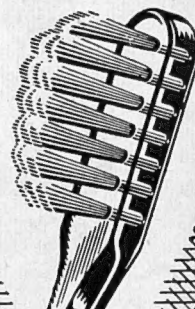
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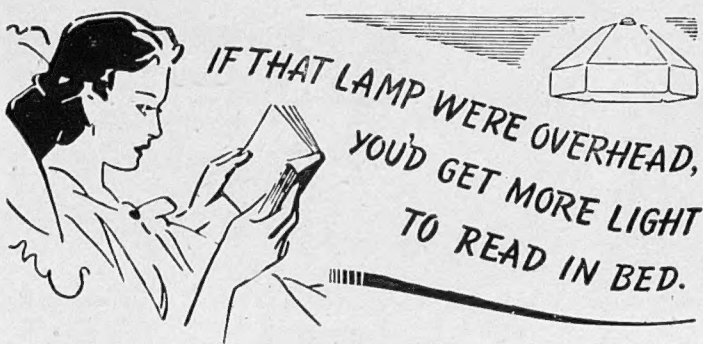
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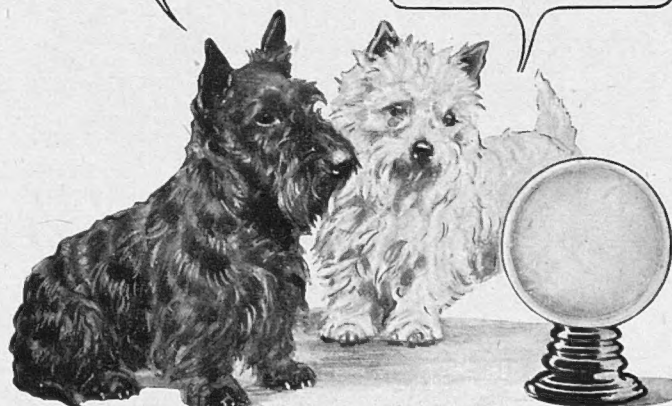
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Schweppes★ *Table Waters*
famous since 1790

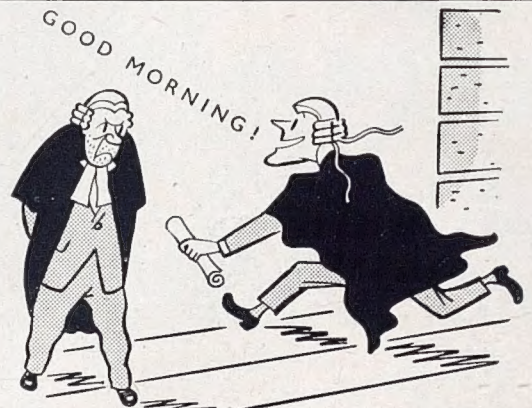
★ Temporarily giving place to the standard wartime product — but Schweppes will return

Dewar's
"White Label"
SCOTCH WHISKY



Och! the THOUGHT of it!

Maximum retail prices: 25/9 per bottle • 13/6 half-bottle
(as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association)



**'Good Mornings' begin
with Gillette**

Says the brilliant K.C.: "Here's the evidence clear. The case for quick shaving is all summed up here!"

THE BATHROOM SET

This new Gillette No. 26 set is designed specially for your bathroom shelf. The Gillette razor is bright nickel plated, with a telescopic handle, extending to full length when screwed together. There are two Blue Gillette Blades. All fit conveniently into a plastic container which combines razor stand with special compartment for used blades.

3/3d

INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX

